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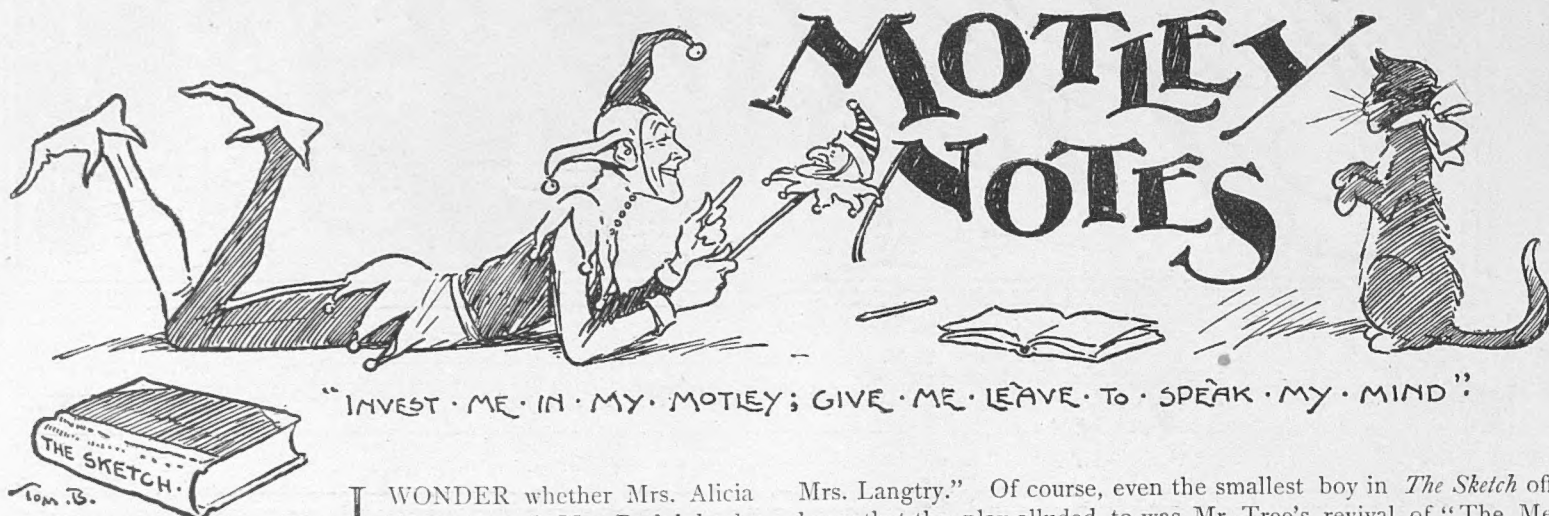
WEDNESDAY, JUNE 11, 1902.

SIXPENCE.



MR. BEERBOHM TREE AS FALSTAFF IN "THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR,"
AT HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.



I WONDER whether Mrs. Alicia Ramsay and Mr. Rudolph de Cordova had any sinister motive in writing the dramatic sketch to be produced at the Hippodrome on Monday next. Let me explain. On June 16, Mr. H. E. Moss will produce a new piece by these strenuous authors, entitled "The Bandits." The mechanical and water effects will include the breaking of a huge dam in the mountain and the carrying away of a bridge with horses and men. For this sensation, a tank, holding fourteen thousand gallons of water, has been erected on the roof of the Hippodrome. By means of a valve and a tube leading down to the stage, the vast volume of water will be freed, and will gain tremendous impetus in its fall of a hundred and thirty feet. So far, so good. But what if the whole affair turned out to be one colossal scheme for the utter annihilation of the dramatic critics of London? What if the author had arranged with Mr. Moss to empty this terrible weight of water on to the heads of that devoted little band of carping scribes? What if Mr. Seeth had been instructed to have his lions in readiness and to turn them loose on the front row of the stalls at the very moment when the floods were descending? I can imagine the discomfiture of Mr. Archer when he found himself obliged to turn his thoughts, for a moment, from the seriousness of the drama; of Mr. Beerbohm, when he realised that his hair was to be ruffled and his white gloves soiled; of Mr. Walkley, when he felt that those pallid cheeks were to take on the additional pallor of physical fear. Ugh! Thank Heaven, I say, that I am not a dramatic critic.

The Editor of *Household Words*, who claims, I believe, to be the youngest Editor in London, has favoured me with a copy of his "Charles Dickens Number," dated June 14. It is refreshing to find that so youthful a gentleman is prepared to support so old an institution as the author of "David Copperfield." His literary simplicity, however, is tempered with a certain amount of modern journalistic enterprise, for he has been at pains to collect opinions on Dickens from various celebrities, whose verdict he duly records in the pages of his journal. Some of the criticisms are good; others, trite; a few, delightfully patronising. Mr. Anthony Hope thinks that, although Dickens's humour was great and his pathos great, yet neither of these was "impeccable." What a horrid word! Sir W. P. Treloar informs us, incidentally, that he, Sir W. P. Treloar, married when he was twenty-two years old and used to cry—over Dickens. Mr. Arthur Morrison, on the contrary, asserts that people liked Dickens because he made them laugh. Mr. Alfred Austin, the Poet Laureate, lazily refers us to an article he wrote in *Temple Bar* on the subject. Finally, Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne, who has contributed to the literature of his age that masterpiece of fiction entitled, "The Adventures of Captain Kettleholder," or something of the kind, admits that he cannot manage to read any of Dickens's novels that have come in his way, and, as for their success, he can only regard it with polite wonder. Well, I suppose that in future, when I want to rail at Steerforth, weep over Little Nell, or laugh with Mr. Pickwick, I must first take the precaution to lock my door.

I feel myself greatly indebted to the writer of the amusing little article in last Friday's *Daily Mail* under the heading, "Who is Which?" Leading off with the "J. C. B." and Winston Churchill controversy in the *Times*, he goes on to point out a number of mistaken-identity cases that have been appearing in other papers. An article such as this appeals especially to journalists, for they know, to their cost, how easily an error may creep into print, especially in the matter of names. Why, it was only a few days ago that a leading firm of photographers forwarded to *The Sketch* a photograph of Mrs. Kendal with this inscription on the back of it: "Latest portrait of Mrs. Kendal, who will appear in a Coronation play with

Mrs. Langtry." Of course, even the smallest boy in *The Sketch* office knew that the play alluded to was Mr. Tree's revival of "The Merry Wives of Windsor," and that the other great actress appearing in it was not Mrs. Langtry, but Miss Ellen Terry. However, that is but one indication of the many pits that yawn in the path of the harassed Editor.

A scheme that, if brought to perfection, will certainly revolutionise the social conditions of suburban London, is the Central Kitchen idea. The working of it, from the subscriber's point of view, is so gloriously simple. You press a button and the Kitchen people do the rest. To explain the matter in rather more detail, all you have to do is to put your name down for a course of breakfasts or luncheons or dinners, or all of the three. You state the time that you like to feed, and, hey, presto! at the very moment required a motor-car dashes up to your door and delivers the food all piping hot—together with table-cloth, cutlery, silver, and, for all I know to the contrary, a bowl of flowers and a batch of invitations to the best houses. After the meal, back go the dishes and things into the hamper, snap goes the lock, and all the clearing-away and washing-up is done in a trice.

Mind you, I haven't experimented in the matter yet; I am merely writing about it from the ideal point of view, and with a mind unfettered by actual experience. At the same time, the scheme is not to be lightly dismissed from your minds. I have stated that, if brought to perfection, it will assuredly revolutionise the lives of suburban London. Allow me to prove my point. In the first place, young housewives will find so much spare time on their hands that it will become absolutely imperative for them to have their Club close at hand in which they may spend the idle morning, the idle afternoon, the idle evening. Again, all wrangling and jangling over the selection and the cooking of the food will become a thing of the past. (Heaven alone knows what some of the grumpier husbands will find to talk about.) Flats will be built without kitchens; cooks will be a drug in the market; greengrocers and fishmongers will no longer make the suburban morning hideous with their howlings and bawlings.

One question, however, will have to be faced: How will the Central Kitchen scheme affect the matrimonial question? If you ask me to give you a candid opinion, I believe that, if only the Kitchen people will also undertake to sew on buttons and darn socks, the young man of the suburbs will dismiss the idea of matrimony from his mind for once and for all. Some one may urge, of course, that he will still be compelled to marry for the sake of companionship. But, on the other hand, if the Central Kitchen leads to Women's Clubs, what will be the good of marrying a girl for the mere satisfaction of being allowed to pay her Club subscription and call for her in a cab at three in the morning? However, let us hope that I am unduly pessimistic. Time may find a solution of the matrimonial difficulty, just as it has shown us the way to dispense with cooks.

As an example of the fatuity of one's parents and preceptors with regard to rules for preserving the health, I may mention the time-honoured saw that bade us leave off our thick underclothes in June in favour of thinner garments. Anyhow, we were always told that we must not make the change before June, and that, in the mind of a healthily disposed child, meant the same thing. Thus, the habit of taking to summer clothes on the First of June grew upon us, and this month we are all sniffing and snuffling in consequence. For myself, I feel convinced—or, at any rate, I must say so, since it is the last chance I have of keeping my word—that everybody will be laid up with influenza just about the time of the Coronation.

Chicot

THE FOURTH OF JUNE AT ETON.



THE CRICKET MATCH: ETON V. NEW COLLEGE.



VISITORS IN THE SCHOOL-YARD.

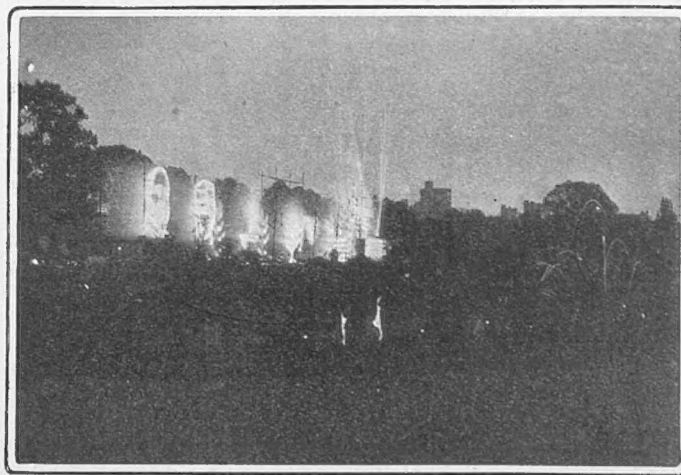


WATCHING THE PROCESSION OF BOATS (WINDSOR CASTLE IN THE BACKGROUND).

Photograph by Russell and Sons, Windsor.



FIREWORK DISPLAY: THE ETON CREST.



FIREWORK DISPLAY: PORTRAITS OF THE KING AND QUEEN.

THE CLUBMAN.

*The Maharajah of Jaipur—His Pale-Pink City—Kipling and Jaipur—
A Tiger Story—The Transport Train.*

THE arrival in England of the Maharajah of Jaipur has attracted attention, even though it be during Peace Week and Derby Week combined, for a potentate who hires a steamer to carry himself and his retinue across the Channel, and brings with him in jars enough Ganges water to make a miniature lake, is a personage who naturally draws notice upon himself. Even in India, where Maharajahs are sprinkled very liberally over the land, the Maharajah of Jaipur is a very noticeable figure, and he is much beloved of globe-trotters, for he keeps, at Jaipur, a most comfortable guest-house for their convenience, and lends them elephants, and organises hunting-parties, with real leopards in cages to chase the buck, and has wild boar close at hand for pig-sticking purposes; and, moreover, he is the Sovereign of a town and State which exactly correspond with the ideas an Englishman generally has formed of India and Indian things from an intimate knowledge of Earl's Court and a cursory glance through some books of photographs. Jaipur is a city of pale-pink houses for copper-coloured people. The Maharajah has his own ideas as to the suitable colouring for house-fronts, and, his word being law, the Jaipuris have to paint their town red, or rather, pink. There never was a globe-trotter yet with literary tastes who, on coming to Jaipur, did not jot down in his note-book "The Coral City," and did not think that he had happened upon a new and happily descriptive idea until he found that somebody had just published something about Jaipur in which his beautiful phrase had been used.

The best description that I know of Jaipur and the neighbouring deserted city of Amber is in Kipling's "Letters of Marque." I do not think it is generally known how these letters came to be written, and I will now make my contribution to Kipliana. Kipling, as a very young man, learned journalism on the Indian papers, and at one time was on the staff of the *Pioneer*, a great paper published at Allahabad. His editor very soon discovered that the genius of the young writer did not lie in the beaten track of daily routine work, and he sent him away on a roving commission to go anywhere he liked in India and write of what he had seen. Knowing only the sun-burned wastes of Lahore and Allahabad, Kipling came with a fresh eye and unimpaired enthusiasm to the marvels of Rajputana, and he wrote of Jaipur and Amber as no man had before and no man probably ever will again, for it was his first real glimpse of the marvels of India, and his words seem almost to choke in his eagerness to tell of all the wonders of the city that Jey Singh built and of which Colonel Jacob made a model town.

Every man who has ever been to Jaipur thinks that he has seen the city as no other man has ever seen it, and I, like all the rest, found a point of view that I believed, and believe, to be sacred and special to myself. I always in India used to go for long walks before sunrise, and I saw in consequence a very great deal of the country without its people, for the native, fearful of fever, never likes to open his doors until the sun is over the horizon. Jaipur I saw, one silver morning, entirely in possession of the pigeons. At all times the pigeons swarm in the great square before the Temple of the Winds, a building of innumerable domes and turrets, canopies and carved windows, and with corridors which are said to catch and carry on the faintest breath of air which stirs in the hot summer, and they strut unconcernedly amidst the crowd of horses and bullocks, men and women; but, on this one particular morning, the pigeons and I had the square entirely to ourselves, and the pink, silent city, the silver sky, and the thousands of grey pigeons, all in restless movement, waiting for men and food to come, made an extraordinary effect.

Amber was, I think, first discovered for descriptive purposes by Bishop Heber, and since the good missionary made a word-picture of the city, left as it was when Jey Singh, the Astronomer Prince, marshalled all his people and marched into the plain to found a new Capital, thousands of other descriptive writers have done full justice to the crumbling temples, the empty houses, and the slimy, still,

ghost-haunted lake. My discovery at Amber was a low-comedian guide, who, amongst other interesting information, told me how tigers were "readied" for His Highness's guests to shoot. He mentioned some of the greatest names in England as having taken part in the grand sport he described. In the hills near Amber, so my guide said, water is scarce, and, to keep the tigers in a certain locality, great earthen vessels, "gurrahs," are filled with water and there left for the tigers to drink. When any distinguished Sahib is going out tiger-shooting, arrak, instead of water, is put into the vessels, and the thirsty and unsuspecting tigers drink and do not discover what liquor they are absorbing until too late. When the sportsmen go out shooting in the early morning, the tigers in the Amber hills are royally, jovially, incapably drunk, and they fall victims without the slightest resistance. I do not vouch for the truth of this tale; I only tell it as the guide told it to me in the forty-pillared Hall of Audience.

Of the Maharajah of Jaipur, the round-faced Prince with a beard brushed outwards from the centre, and with the Rajput turban, which looks like carelessly coiled rope, on his head, all men who know him speak well. He is a direct descendant of the Sun, and, no doubt, the god who, with an attendant priest, travels with him is the Sun god, but he is, above all things, a practical philanthropist and a go-ahead ruler. When the Imperial Service Troops were formed in all the great Native States, most of the Indian Princes asked to be allowed to raise cavalry and infantry, but the Maharajah of Jaipur requested permission to organise a transport train. That transport corps is a model to India. Whenever a war breaks out to which Indian troops are sent, the Jaipur Train has the honour of being the first auxiliary corps whose volunteered services are accepted, and during peace-time it does splendid ambulance-work in the Maharajah's dominions.

PEACE NEWS IN BERLIN.

Berlin was just returning home on Sunday evening in disgustingly overcrowded trains and trams from the lake districts of Potsdam, Wannsee, Schlachtensee, and all the other "Sees," when the news of the conclusion of peace arrived (writes the Berlin Correspondent of *The Sketch*). English representatives of London dailies were naturally the first to receive the news; the official intimation did not reach the town till eleven o'clock—two good hours later. It was too hot for any unnecessary exhibition of satisfaction or the reverse; the Germans sat limply in the cafés and restaurants and ejaculated laconically "Ach So!" or "Gott sei Dank!" and went on drinking their beer and complaining about the heat, for which they had been heartily praying only a week before. I am not exaggerating

in the least when I say that nine-tenths of the ordinary middle-class Germans opine that England has been obliged, whether she will or no, to give in to the brave Boers, after vainly endeavouring to conquer them in the open field. Even now that peace has been declared, the German Press does not cease uttering abominable and slanderous accusations against the British. One paper, which is read mainly by the educated classes, and more especially in Court circles, speaks most offensively of the way we "treated the unarmed when we found we were too weak to gain the upper hand over the armed."

German business-men, however, are now trying to pretend that it was only the uneducated portion of the population who have been against us during the War. But we who have lived in Germany through the whole duration of hostilities in the Transvaal know better; we have had to read, for two and a-half years in succession, most shameful and libellous attacks upon the honour of the British nation and British Army, and are aware that all these attacks were printed merely to please the palate of an Anglophobe nation. Not a single German newspaper had a representative in South Africa; suitable extracts from English Pro-Boer journals were printed, instead of authentic news, and imaginative "Foreign Correspondents" living in London and Brussels made their fortunes by selling their lying imaginings for a good price to the German Press. Now that the War is over, the Germans will doubtless become quite gushing in their protestations of amity towards the English. The War has taught us many a sharp lesson; one of the most useful, perhaps, is the true value of German friendship.



THE LATEST PHOTOGRAPH OF MRS. KENDAL,
WHO PLAYS MRS. FORD IN "THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR," AT HER MAJESTY'S.
Taken by Russell, Baker Street, W.

"THE BISHOP'S MOVE," AT THE GARRICK.

"THE BISHOP'S MOVE" is almost a brilliant comedy and the acting was almost brilliant, and whether between this "almost" and the "quite" a gulf is fixed I cannot tell, but it seems not improbable. The authors, "John Oliver Hobbes" and Mr. Murray Carson, have endeavoured to write a comedy with the minimum of plot, and, despite the finesse of the dialogue and much skill in the drawing of two characters, a want of technical skill and the failure to give life to a third character—that of Francis—caused the piece gradually to become a little tedious. Perhaps the chief obstacle to success is the part of Francis. When an intelligent, pretty girl and a beautiful, clever woman are fighting for the heart of a young man, one must be convinced that he has remarkable charm of physique, manner, or intelligence, and, unfortunately, Francis, who was not well played, possessed none of these, and, into the bargain, is a poor, shilly-shallying creature, so that one is annoyed and not convinced by the infatuation of the ladies. Moreover, Mr. Bouchier, in his exceedingly clever acting as the Bishop, just missed the essential note of bonhomie needed to make the part quite delightful. Miss Violet Vanbrugh, as the Duchess, certainly was fascinating, save in her scenes with Francis, when—and it is no fault of hers—one felt so vexed by her foolishness as to forget her charm. Perhaps, also, there is another element of disappointment. The enigmatical title, never quite explained, seems to promise some clever little manoeuvre on the part of the interfering Bishop. During three-quarters of the play I was wondering what device he would adopt for bringing the Duchess to her senses and Francis to wisdom; and yet the crafty ecclesiast really does nothing, and it is accident which causes the rather impotent conclusion of the comedy. It is deadly to arouse the interest and curiosity of an audience by a promise never fulfilled.

On the other hand, one sees very much to admire: the dialogue has less than usual of the hard brilliance of "John Oliver Hobbes," but is rich in neatly turned phrases and quiet notes of humour. The character of the Duchess, save in the fact that she ill bestows her heart, is very finely drawn, and she is a really delightful creature; and the character of Barbara is gracefully treated and prettily played by Miss Jessie Bateman.

MONOCLE.

Ascot Races.—Passengers who purpose visiting Ascot on June 17, 18, 19, and 20, and intend to travel by the Great Western Railway to Windsor and thence through the charming scenery of Windsor Great Park, are informed that, in addition to the ordinary train-service, on each of the race-days special fast trains, at ordinary fares, for Windsor will leave Paddington at convenient times, returning in the evening, and that well-appointed four-horse brakes will be provided to convey passengers from Windsor Station to the course and back. Daily excursions are run from Paddington to Windsor and back at a third-class fare of half-a-crown.



MR. MURRAY CARSON, PART-AUTHOR OF "THE BISHOP'S MOVE."

Photograph by Windover and Grove, Baker Street, W.

NEW AMBASSADOR TO THE UNITED STATES.

THE HON. MICHAEL HENRY HERBERT has what would, no doubt, be for most men a difficult task before him in succeeding the late Lord Pauncefoot as Ambassador to the United States, for it is probable that no representative of the country was more popular with the Government to which he was accredited than the lately deceased statesman. To Lord Pauncefoot we owe in great measure the exceedingly cordial relations which exist between America and ourselves, relations which it must be Mr. Herbert's endeavour to maintain and even increase. He brings one great qualification to his work, that he is no stranger at Washington, for in 1888 he was appointed Chargé d'Affaires, and in 1892-93 he was advanced to the Secretaryship of the Legation. Another qualification he possesses is that he married an American wife, Miss Lelia Wilson, the daughter of Mr. Richard Wilson, in the year in which he first went to America. He has thus had ample opportunities for studying the characteristics of Americans. After leaving Washington, he was Secretary at The Hague, at Constantinople, and at Rome, while since 1898 he has been Secretary to the Embassy at Paris. Mr. Herbert is full young for his office, for he will be forty-five at the end of the month.



MRS. CRAIGIE ("JOHN OLIVER HOBBS"), PART-AUTHOR OF "THE BISHOP'S MOVE," PRODUCED AT THE GARRICK LAST SATURDAY NIGHT.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

THE "FOURTH" AT ETON.

The "Glorious Fourth" lost some of its glory owing to bad weather, and this was the more unfortunate as last year, in consequence of Queen Victoria's death, there was no celebration. The anniversary, too, clashed with the Derby. However, in spite of these deterrents, there was a large number of distinguished visitors to the historic school, and, the afternoon bringing pleasanter atmospheric conditions, the Procession of Boats, the music of the Scots Guards Band, and, after dusk, the fine display of fireworks, were much enjoyed. Among those who journeyed to Eton were the Duchess of Wellington, Earl and Countess Cadogan, the Right Hon. St. John Brodrick, Viscount Peel, Viscount and Viscountess Esher, the Earl and Countess of Morley, Sir Arthur Bigge, and the Lady Mayoress.

LONDON, BRIGHTON, AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.

CHEAP DAY RETURN TICKETS FROM	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H
	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.
Victoria	9 25	10 5	10 10	10 40	11 0	11 5	11 15	12 15
*Kensington	9 10	10 15	11 15	...
London Bridge	9 25	9 25	12 0	...

* (Addison Road.) A.—Sundays, Hastings 10s. 6d., Bexhill and Eastbourne 10s. First Class. B.—Week-days, 12s. Brighton, 13s. Worthing (Pullman Car to Brighton). C.—Sunday Cyclists' Trains alternately to Horley, Three Bridges, and East Grinstead; or to Sutton, Dorking, Ockley, and Horsham. D.—Brighton, Saturdays, 10s. 6d. First Class. E.—Sundays (June only), Brighton and Worthing. Brighton "Pullman Limited," 12s. F.—Sundays, Brighton and Worthing, 10s. First, 12s. (Pullman Car to Brighton). G.—Sundays, Eastbourne, Pullman Car, 12s. H.—Sundays, Brighton, 10s. First Class, 12s. Pullman Car.

SEASIDE for 8 or 15 Days.—From London and Suburban Stations.—Wednesdays, 6s. to Brighton, 6s. 6d. Worthing. Thursdays, 6s. 6d. to Seaford, 7s. Eastbourne, Bexhill, and Hastings. Fridays, 6s. 6d. to Littlehampton, 7s. Bognor and Chichester, 7s. 6d. Havant, Southsea, and Portsmouth, and Cheap Fares to Ryde and Isle of Wight.

WEEK-END TICKETS to all South Coast Seaside places (Hastings to Portsmouth and Isle of Wight inclusive) from London and Suburban Stations, Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays.

Full particulars of Superintendent of the Line, London Bridge Terminus.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.—ASCOT MEETINGS.—On JUNE 17, 18, 19, and 20, SPECIAL and ORDINARY TRAINS (First, Second, and Third Class) will leave PADDINGTON for WINDSOR at 7.40, 7.55, 9.8, 9.30, 9.52, 10.10, 10.30, 10.55, 11.15, 11.38 a.m., 12.5, 12.25, 1.5, 2.15, and 2.30 p.m.

RETURN FARES, PADDINGTON and WINDSOR: First Class, 5s. 6d.; Second Class, 4s.; Third Class, 3s. 6d.

EXCURSIONS EACH DAY, THIRD CLASS RETURN, 2s. 6d.

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 (By courtesy of Mr. W. H. Kendal.) (By courtesy of Sir Henry Irving.)
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ROYAL HORSE SHOW, RICHMOND, SURREY.
ROYAL HORSE SHOW, RICHMOND, SURREY.
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SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

Royal Peace Rejoicings.

There was something very touching and, at the same time, very inspiring in the sight of how completely the King, the Queen, and the rest of the Royal Family took their part in the national rejoicings last week. Those who were in the Park on the evening of "Peace Monday" will not soon forget the great ovation with which Queen Alexandra was received by those present. The singing of the National Anthem has certainly never been heard in the Park since the opening of the Great Exhibition in 1851, and Her Majesty looked exceedingly touched and pleased. Queen Alexandra has always realised to a peculiarly vivid degree the sad side of war, for it is not too much to say that her early married life was shadowed by the terrible Schleswig-Holstein struggle. King Edward has now witnessed two great Declarations of Peace in which he was himself intimately concerned. The first of these was when the Crimean War drew to its long and weary close.

Coronation Gossip.

It is clear that those who intend to see the King and Queen proceed in State to the Abbey on Coronation morning will have to be in their places betimes—in fact, before half-past eight, at which (breakfast) hour foot-traffic to stands and houses in the vicinity of the Abbey will be closed. It will undoubtedly be the "smart" thing to see the Procession on the first day—that is, on Coronation Day; but the route is a comparatively short one, and very large prices indeed are being asked for seats in those shops and windows which command the thoroughfares comprising it. Westminster Hall, not for the first time in its history, will present the appearance of a great restaurant on Coronation Day, for both breakfasts and luncheons will be served to Members of Parliament, their wives and daughters. Those visitors to London who have nothing better to do will find it of interest during the next fortnight to occasionally put in an hour during the early morning in the vicinity of



THE KING'S STATE-COACH, IN WHICH THE KING AND QUEEN WILL RIDE AT THE CORONATION.

Photograph by Salmon and Batchan, New Bond Street, W.

Their Majesties at Aldershot.

For the first time for many years the Sovereign of these realms will occupy the Royal Pavilion at Aldershot. The late Queen was very fond of making a short sojourn literally "in camp," but during the later portion of her reign she was not able to go to Aldershot as often as she had done during the years when she was still exceptionally strong and active. The Royal Pavilion is very simply furnished, but it contains some interesting military engravings and pictures. On Sunday the King will dine at the mess of the Royal Artillery. The great Review will take place on Monday, and on its termination their Majesties will proceed to Windsor.

The King and the Army.

Edward VII. was gazetted a Colonel in the British Army at the age of eighteen; four years later he was promoted to be a General, and in 1875 he was created Field-Marshal. As a young man, the then Prince of Wales surrounded himself with distinguished soldiers, among his closest companions being the gallant officer affectionately known to a large circle as "Teesdale of Kars," and Major Lindsay, V.C., the late Lord Wantage. All through the course of the Boer War the King has shown a deep and painful interest in the campaign.

Buckingham Palace. They may then see one of the numerous rehearsals of the Coronation Procession, now taking place almost daily under the personal supervision of the Master of the Horse, of Sir Henry Ewart, and of Captain Nicholas. These rehearsals are carried out with great care; heavy brakes are used, weighing almost to an ounce as much as the various State-coaches; and, in the case of the vehicle which represents their Majesties' State-chariot, the creams are ridden by postillions and attended by a number of foot-grooms.

"*Floreat Etona!*" Eton has always been much favoured by the reigning Sovereign, and next week, on June 21, their Majesties will visit the delightful group of old buildings shadowed by the historic playing-fields. The King will on this occasion open the new cricket pavilion in the presence of those "old boys" who have given the pavilion. The Eton Volunteers, who are by way of being very proud of themselves, and who owe much of their efficiency to a one-time Captain of the School, Mr. Charles Lowry, the present Headmaster of Sedbergh, will be reviewed by the King, and the festive proceedings will wind up with a Procession of Boats. Their Majesties will also drive through Eton and receive a Loyal Address during Coronation Week.

A Military Wedding.

A smart crowd of military folk assembled at Kensington Parish Church yesterday afternoon for the wedding of Colonel George Glencairn Cunningham, C.B., D.S.O., and Miss Dorothy Yeo, daughter of the late Mr. R. Yeo and Mrs. George Henslow, of Holland Park, W., and step-daughter of the Rev. George Henslow, Professor of Botany to the Royal Horticultural Society and for some time Lecturer



Photograph by Duffus Brothers, Johannesburg.]

COLONEL G. G. CUNNINGHAM, C.B., D.S.O.



[Photograph by Byrne, Richmond.

MISS DOROTHY YEO.

MARRIED AT KENSINGTON PARISH CHURCH YESTERDAY AFTERNOON.

at St. Bartholomew's Medical School. The gallant bridegroom, who is Colonel of the 1st Battalion Sherwood Foresters, entered the Army in 1881, and from that time until quite recently (when he returned from South Africa, where he was Acting Chief of Staff to the Third Division and in command of a Brigade) he has been more or less on active service. He won his D.S.O. when in command of the Nandi Expedition in 1895-6, and has several times been severely wounded, once at Kassassin. His father, the late Major William Cunningham, was a well-known Indian officer in the Madras Staff Corps.

The bride's step-father performed the ceremony, and she was given away by her brother, Mr. R. F. Yeo. White satin trimmed with Brussels lace and sprays of orange-blossoms composed her bridal gown, while she wore as ornaments a set of superb diamond stars, the five bridesmaids being dressed alike in white crêpe-de-Chine trimmed with old lace, and blue satin waist-bands and hats to match. Captain Keller, D.S.O., attended the bridegroom as best man, and, after the ceremony, Mrs. Henslow welcomed the numerous guests at her house in Holland Park, where a large reception was held prior to the departure of the bride and bridegroom for their honeymoon tour.

Coronation Season Weddings.

Engagements are the order of the day. Lord Beauchamp and Lady Lettice Grosvenor are still receiving congratulations, some of these having been delayed in order that the news might be really confirmed, for nowadays it not unfrequently happens that popular bachelors and youthful beauties are betrothed in the imagination of their acquaintances, and Lord Beauchamp fell a victim to this modern craze for news some months ago. Another engagement just announced is that of Lady Bertha Anson, the elder daughter of Lord Lichfield, to Mr. Thomas Egerton, Lord Ellesmere's good-looking third son who is so popular in racing circles. More than one well-known couple intend to be married during the Coronation fortnight. They may certainly claim to be in a peculiar sense Coronation Season couples. The first of these, who have chosen as wedding-day the Monday of Coronation Week, are Miss May Marsden and Mr. F. Montefiore Guedalla. Just a week later the Marquis de Lombambert will be married to Miss Grace Cavendish.

The French Embassy Bazaar.

The French Embassy is *en fête* this week, for their Majesties have been at special pains to show the great interest they take in the Bazaar now being held at Albert Gate. The French Embassy plays a curiously small part in the great social history of London. M. Cambon is not only an accomplished diplomat, but a peculiarly charming and delightful man of the world, but, perhaps owing to the fact that he is a widower, his name is far less often seen quoted than is that, for example, of the Russian Ambassador and of the Italian. The Republic has never been popular in a social sense, and, accordingly, when members of the great French nobility visit London, they make a point of never going near the fine old house which is, officially speaking, standing on French territory. The proceeds of the Bazaar, where quite a number of Royal personages looked in yesterday (10th), are to be distributed among the various London charities which specially deal with the poorer French Londoners. The Bazaar will be followed on the 12th and following days by a Battle of Flowers, Dramatic Fêtes, and Carnivals at "Paris in London."

The Coronation Bazaar.

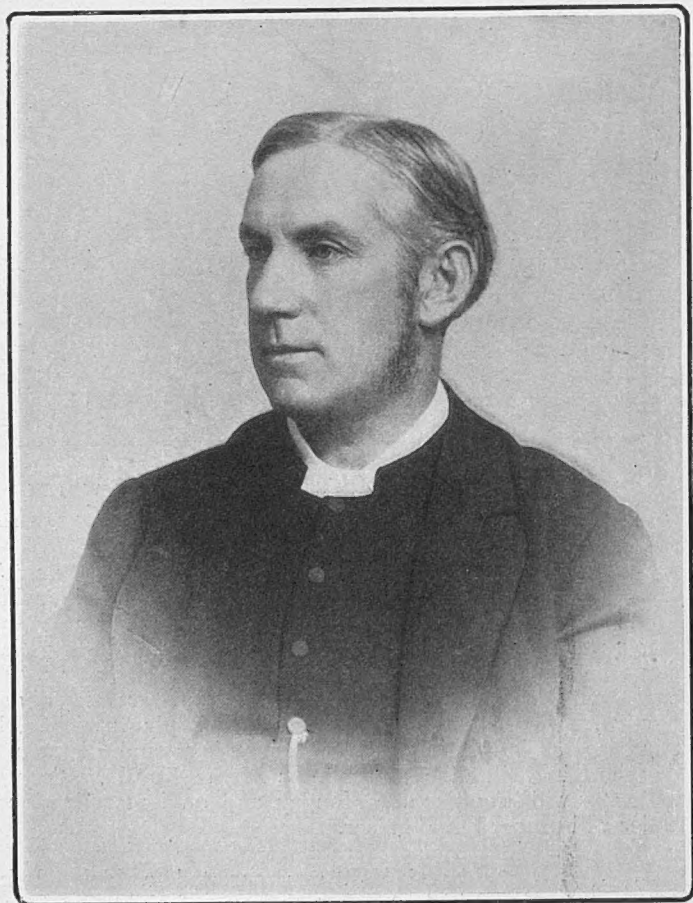
Once the French Embassy Bazaar has become a thing of the past, that section of Society interested in charity fêtes will concentrate its whole mind on the great Coronation Bazaar, which, it is now settled, is to be formally opened by the Queen on July 10. Even now a lively trade is being done in the motor-car raffle, nearly all the two hundred tickets having been already sold. The interesting point about the motor-car is that it is an exact twin of that recently acquired by the King. Doubtless the really most interesting feature of the fête, if Mrs. Arthur Paget's wonderful jewel-show be excepted, will be the America Court, which is to be typically and absolutely American, both as regards general design, nature of articles sold, and last, not least, in the beauty and grace of the saleswomen, who are to include all the better-known American women in London. Mrs. Walter Palmer, at whose house all the world-famous musicians have been heard in turn, has taken charge of the musical arrangements, and it is said that she has secured the kind help of most of the Opera "stars" and of the marvellous Kubelik himself.

The "Madge Kendal" Coronation Wreath.

Mrs. Kendal has designed a cardboard Coronation wreath of pansies, backed by portraits of the King and Queen and other members of the Royal Family. This pretty souvenir is published by Messrs. Joseph Mansell, Limited, and, if only on account of the popularity of its designer, should command a very large sale.

The Earl of Chichester.

The Peers who are both spiritual and temporal—the Earl of Devon, Lord Scarsdale, Lord Normanby, Lord Tankerville, and Lord Northampton—have been augmented by the succession to the Earldom of Chichester of the Rev. the Hon. Francis Godolphin Pelham, Vicar of Great Yarmouth, brother of the late Earl. Lord Chichester, who was born in 1844, the son of the third Earl, received his education at Eton and Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated in 1867. Two years later he was ordained. He has filled the positions of Curate of St. George's, Doncaster; Curate of St. Pancras; Rector of Upton Pyrie; Vicar of St. Mary's, Beverley, and Rural Dean; Rector of Halesowen, of Lambeth, and of Buckhurst Hill. He has held his present cure since 1900, and numbers amongst his former appointments the Chaplaincy to the Archbishop of York, 1882-1890; to the Bishop of Winchester, 1890-1896; and also to the Bishop of Bangor. Lord Chichester's eldest son by his marriage in 1870 with the Hon. Alice Carr-Glyn, daughter of the first Baron Wolverton, now assumes the courtesy title



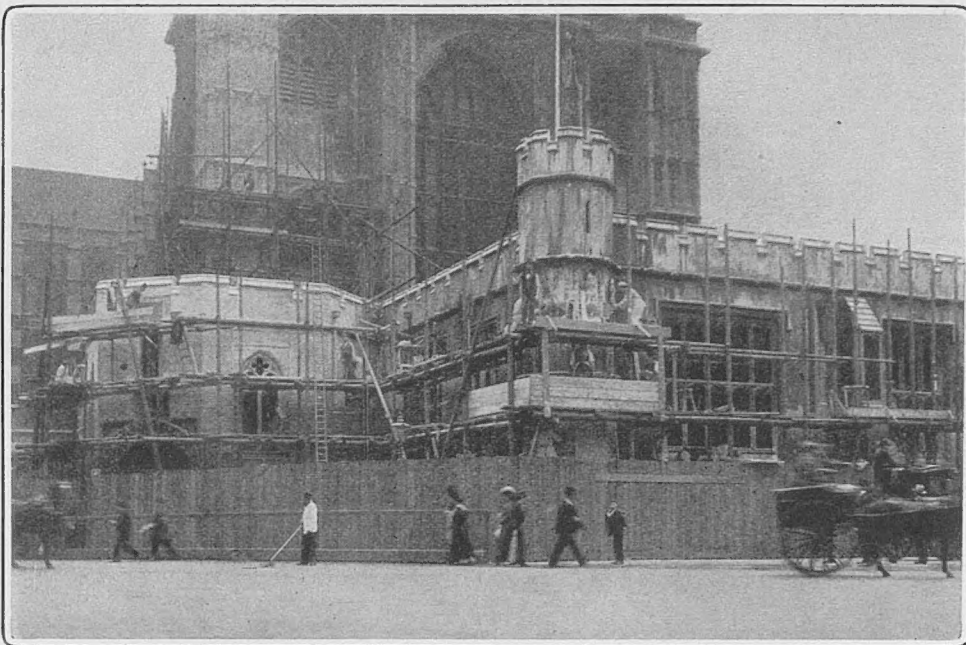
REV. F. G. PELHAM, THE NEW EARL OF CHICHESTER.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

of Lord Pelham. The new Peer, who is very popular in his parish, divides his spare time equally between golf, gardening, and reading. The Earldom was created in 1801.

The King's Robing-Room.

Strangers to London will assuredly experience some difficulty in realising that the temporary structure in which the King and Queen will robe before the Coronation ceremony, now in course of erection before the west door of Westminster Abbey, is not a part of the venerable building itself. To the scene-painter, with the footlights to aid him, the erection of so illusory a building would present no obstacles, but for a constructor whose work has to face the garish glare of day it is a different matter. The result, in the present case, redounds to the credit of all concerned, and is a veritable oasis in the desert of planks surrounding it. The lath-and-plaster walls are apparently as time-worn as the ancient pile against which they rest. A somewhat similar erection was requisitioned at the last Coronation of a King with his Consort, that of William IV. and Adelaide. "In front of the grand west entrance of the Abbey," writes a chronicler of the time, "a temporary building had been erected as a robing-room for their Majesties; it was a structure of wood and canvas, painted in the style of Henry III., the architectural design and ornaments being appropriate and the painting excellent. The central doorway of the building led into a passage, on each side of which were elegantly furnished apartments for their Majesties and their immediate attendants." The King and Queen on their entry into the Hall will find their processions already marshalled.



THE KING'S CORONATION ROBIN-ROOM OUTSIDE WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

"There and Back." The new farce at the Prince of Wales's Theatre seems to have caught on well. The scene given on this page shows the return of the truant husbands—supposed to have been drowned whilst crossing to America—to their prematurely sorrowing wives. By the way, sufficient praise has not been given to Miss Henrietta Watson for her humorous acting in the part of Mrs. Lewson. Her talent, as a matter of fact, is rather wasted on such a poorly drawn part.

Peace and Parliament.

The Peace news has been received with unalloyed satisfaction in Parliament. Lords and Commons assembled in force to hear the terms of surrender, and the brief congratulatory speeches of the Liberal leaders conveyed the general feelings of the two Houses. Opinion on the terms is almost altogether favourable. It is realised that we have made generous concessions, but the friendly results justify the generosity.

On the Budget for the year, Peace makes no change. The new Corn Duty and the extra penny on income-tax are to be maintained, and, if all the loan is not required, the surplus is to be applied for the redemption of the debt. It is hoped, however, that next year the burden will be lessened.

Seldom does the House of Commons think that a military grant proposed by a Government is too small. In the present case, however, many members have expressed the opinion that Lord Kitchener deserved more than fifty thousand pounds. A section even of the Liberals would have willingly voted him a larger sum. They are

loud in praise of Lord Kitchener's administrative genius and his large-mindedness, and they recognise that the new settlement has received a good start from his chivalrous treatment of the Boers.

Mr. Chamberlain. Although Liberals divide the credit for Peace between His Majesty and Lord Kitchener, Mr. Chamberlain's statesmanship is more highly appreciated than ever before by the Unionists. Peace has added to his power. He received an enthusiastic ovation from the public and from Parliament on the day that the terms were announced, and everyone is curious to see what honour will be bestowed on him at the Coronation.

Mr. E. F. Benson has completed a new novel, which is to be called the "Book of Months." It is the original autobiography of a man's life for a year, related in a series of monthly parts.



Henry Lewson (Mr. Arthur Williams).

Mrs. Lewson (Miss Henrietta Watson).

William Waring (Mr. Charles Hawtrey).

Mrs. Waring (Miss Helen Macbeth).

A SCENE FROM "THERE AND BACK," AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S THEATRE: THE RETURN OF THE TRUANT HUSBANDS.

Photograph by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.

Beauties of the Lyric Stage.

In the centre part of *The Sketch* this week will be found beautiful new portraits of Miss Edna May, Miss Nina Sevensing, Miss Julie Ring, and Miss Evie Greene. Miss Edna May is shown in the costume that she wears in the last Act of "Three Little Maids," at the Apollo Theatre. It will be remembered that an excellent portrait of Miss May in her dress as a Bond Street tea-girl appeared in *The Sketch* immediately after the production of the new Apollo piece. Miss Sevensing was one of the pretty maidens of "Florodora," and is now playing in "A Country Girl," at Daly's Theatre. To the charm of personal beauty, which carries an actress a long way, she adds enthusiasm, and it is not unlikely, therefore, that Miss Sevensing will soon be a bright "star" of the musical-comedy firmament. Miss Julie Ring, like many other lovely ladies now upon the English stage, hails from the glorious Stars and Stripes land. She has appeared in many musical plays both in London and in the provinces, and has also some experience of the variety houses. Miss Evie Greene is a colleague of Miss Sevensing's, having created the part of "A Country Girl" at Daly's Theatre.

From several quarters in Scotland reports have come to hand that suggest a bad season on the moors. Last year the grouse-shooting was excellent; very few counties held diseased birds, and the coveys were ready for the gun by the middle of August. It is nothing out of the common for a very good year to be followed by a very bad one, so sportsmen of experience will be more disappointed than surprised. The cold weather and late snow-storms are responsible for the present trouble; they act together in more ways than one. Snow-storms are often fatal to the nests, which are built under heather-tufts and are exposed to the weather's ravages; and prolonged cold is bad for the heather itself and deprives the young birds of the fresh heather-tops that are an important part of their food. The draining of land has done a great deal to improve grouse-breeding, but has not had an appreciable effect upon grouse-disease. It is a pity that the prospects are not better, for many distinguished sportsmen from foreign parts coming to London for the Coronation will try their hands on Scotland's moors for the first time this year. If they could have results equal to last year's they would be in luck.

The Deer-Forests.

The deer-forests of Scotland, being more exposed to the worst attacks of the weather than any other part of the country, should have suffered most, but, in point of fact, the deer will not be much worse off. In the old times, when the forests belonged to men with long pedigrees and short purses, the deer had to take their chance, and, when the snow covered the higher ground, they came down to the lower land and raided the farmers' root-crops at the risk of their life. They were welcome visitors to the

exact extent of the farmer's chance of killing them. To-day, the great forests are leased to men of enormous wealth, and the deer have little to fear out of the shooting season. So soon as their native haunts cease to yield proper food-supplies, the foresters bring all that is required and place it within reach; poaching is reduced to a minimum, and the deer are well-nigh independent of wind and weather.

Our more modest friend, the partridge, seems likely to do well. I have heard from several friends in the Southern and Eastern Counties that the bad weather has happened at the best time for the nesting birds, and that a fine June will be all that is required to bring the young broods along. For the past two years partridges have suffered severely

from the drought, and, where no water-pans have been put down for their assistance, many whole coveys have died. The rains of April and May have done a great deal to fill the springs and ditches, and the young birds will run no risk of suffering from want of water. The cessation of hostilities in South Africa will have a big effect upon the partridge season. Many places have been left almost unshot since the War broke out, owing to the absence on duty of the men who took the keenest interest in the sport. A good season and plenty of guns to take advantage of it should make partridges cheap. The coveys will get a more severe handling in most places than they have had since the season 1898-99.

The premises of the old Empress Club in Dover Street, although practically in arrangement and plan already suitable for the entertainment of the Colonial troops during the Coronation season, have been re-decorated and furnished, so that the Club rooms will compare well with any in the West-End. Dining-rooms, smoking-rooms, a billiard-room, and sleeping accommodation for at least fifty men each night have been provided, and Messrs. Graves have lent excellent prints and engravings for the decoration of the walls. Mr. Caton Woodville's battle-pictures are a prominent feature. Mr. Chamberlain was responsible for a grant of £500 towards the

£3000 needed, and Mr. Brodrick authorised the issue of War Office stores and equipment. The young lady to whose initiative the Club's establishment is due, Miss Violet Brooke-Hunt, is greatly beloved by the men of the Imperial and Colonial Services for her kindness to them when she was Lady Superintendent of the Soldiers' Institutes at Pretoria and Bloemfontein. This lady is now one of the Club Secretaries, the Hon. Marcus Hill-Trevor sharing her labours. Besides the General Committee, there is also a Ladies' Committee.

Madame Paderewski.

Madame Paderewski, the second wife of the famous pianist, is also of Polish birth. She travels constantly with her husband and frequently sings at concerts, for she is the possessor of a fine and beautifully trained voice.



MADAME PADEREWSKI, THE WIFE OF THE FAMOUS POLISH PIANIST.

Photograph by Davis and Sanford, New York.

GLIMPSES OF THE CORONATION DERBY.



THE KING ARRIVES.



THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE.



THE START.



Sceptre.

SCEPTRE, THE FAVOURITE, CANTERS TO THE POST.



INDIAN CORONATION GUESTS.

(See "The World of Sport," Page 312.)

SMALL TALK ON THE BOULEVARDS.

The Deschanel Disaster.

The defeat of M. Deschanel as Speaker of the *Chambre des Députés* by M. Bourgeois is a heavy blow for this enterprising young man (writes the Paris Correspondent of *The Sketch*). His ambition was unbounded and his success in life surprising. Elected Speaker of the House, he was regarded by his friends as a certain successor to the Presidency of the Republic. As a preliminary, he married one of the richest and most beautiful women in Paris. For no conceivable reason—for his literary ability was trivial—he was made one of the "Immortal Forty." He was utterly crushed when the vote removing him from a great public office was announced.

"Edward."

The death of "Edward," the famous maître d'hôtel at Julien's, removes from the life of the boulevard a famous figure. His enormously bulky stature had been immortalised by the caricaturists, and no *revue* was complete without an exaggerated counterpart. The falling-off during the last two years in the number of wealthy English visitors depressed him, for he liked to serve the aristocracy and he knew their tastes. There is more than one respected legislator in the British Parliament who in his wilder youthful days owed his salvation to "Edward" when there was trouble with the police.

Sardou and Irving.

Sardou is reputed to be putting the finishing touches to a "Dante" which will be simultaneously produced in English by Sir Henry Irving and in Italian by Novelli. The fact that Sardou insists that the play shall not be adapted, but translated, leads one to conjecture on what will be the result of a piece in so widely differing languages as English and Italian. Novelli is, by the way, doing enormous business at the Théâtre Sarah Bernhardt.

It will Out.

I was at the Chantilly Derby, and more gorgeous dresses I have rarely seen, for the promise of the morning had brought out all the most beautiful in the wardrobe. In the general parade, I was wondering how many of the wearers figured in *tout Paris* and how many in the army of Cythère. At a given moment it was decided. Rain threatened. The aristocracy retired to the reserved enclosure; the remainder hurried for the shelter of the Grove, and then the gilt was off the gingerbread, for the comments of some of the exquisite robes were decorative. The French regard Retz as the greatest horse they have ever had, and look forward to the Grand Prix on Sunday with tremendous excitement. As an instance of the gambling mania in France, I may mention that just on three million francs was invested at the *pari-mutuel* booths, and this does not include the enormous sums privately put on with the bookmakers.

Quest of the Humberts.

Up till two years ago the French police had never issued a reward for the arrest of any criminal. The experiment having failed, and accordingly cost nothing, £1000 is offered for the arrest of the Humbert-Crawford band. This has simplified matters considerably, for on one single day they were spotted in England, Greece, Norway, Argentina, and Russia, in addition to being signalled as living a life on the ocean wave. It seems now that the original £2,500,000 that Madame Humbert raised on the button and the sou is as nothing compared with the actual swindle. Absolutely millions on millions of francs have not been

claimed, as the lenders, who are in the highest Society, do not wish their names dragged into the scandal; and, it is rumoured, the family have never left Paris, knowing their absolutely infernal power.

Paris and Peace.

Promptly on the receipt of the Peace declaration, Dr. Leyds left Paris. The journalists waited on the man with the millions for the *mol d'ordre*, but he was silent, even abrupt. I should like to know his opinion of his hirelings, now that they see that there is nothing more to be squeezed out. Beyond stating that London was in a state of supreme drunkenness and that Heliogabalus would have blushed at the orgies in Fleet Street and the Strand, they let the Boers take their chance. The disappearance of sundry cherished organs that the Doctor has kept alive is certain. The end of the War was welcomed by the sound French with enthusiasm, for the long-drawn-out struggle has been a bitter trial for them.

British Martyrs.

Next to the brave soldiers at "the Front," I question if any section of His Majesty's subjects have been more punished than the English residents in Paris. Looking back over the gloomy two and a-half years, it seems incredible all that has passed within seven hours of London. It started with an outcry of horror, and we were gibed in the cafés as "butchers." Then the early successes of the Boers made matters worse, for the English were treated with ribald sympathy. Following on Willette's disgraceful caricature came a perfect hurricane of *immonde* pictures of the dead Queen, Chamberlain, Kitchener, and Roberts. They were hawked on the boulevards and thrust into every English lady's face. The Transvaal flag as a button-hole decoration was sold everywhere. English families who took a cottage at the seaside had to leave, as the life of their children was rendered intolerable. The Exhibition only turned matters to burning point, with wild shows of Boer bravery and British cowardice. Latterly, Dr. Leyds has been less to the fore, but in circus, theatre, music-hall, and *cabaret* England was insulted or held up to ridicule. Sarah Bernhardt stood nobly by her English friends; but I cannot say as much for Mounet-Sully or Madame Bartet. But, this being a period of forgetfulness, they may, perhaps, be pardoned. It is perfectly reasonable to believe that, with

the elections over and a sound Government in power, a better understanding between the two countries will spring up, and the Gutter Press, without funds, will die out.

Benjamin-Constant.

Attending the greater honour of a monument that will perpetuate his memory, I hear that the Municipal Council will consecrate one of the new avenues in the Champ de Mars to his memory, as "L'Avenue Benjamin-Constant."

IMPORTANT NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Whilst cordially thanking the many Contributors who have forwarded interesting photographs for his consideration, the Editor would urge upon such Contributors the necessity for ensuring ABSOLUTE ACCURACY in the matters of NAMES and DATES, which should be written clearly on the back of each portrait and view submitted.



MISS OLGA NETHERSOLE IN THE FIRST ACT OF "SAPHO,"
AT THE ADELPHI.

Photograph by Reutlinger, Paris.



LAZY LEAVES

FROM THE DIARY

OF AN IDLE SUMMER.



IV.—MAISTER WOTTER AND SOME OTHERS.

IT is impossible to escape from the active interests of life. I have put two or three hours between me and London; I have declined much varied and pleasant hospitality, embracing restaurants of light and leading, favoured riverside nooks, and desirable gardens, only to find that, in default of great interests, I must accept small



FARMER GILES
AND
MAISTER WOTTER.

ones. The life of farm and field makes claims upon my attention; the state of crops, the price of live stock, have become matters of unexpected importance.

Early this morning I took part in a triangular discussion concerning the eight-acre clover-field. Farmer Giles, my neighbour, started it; Maister Wotter, his horseman, continued it; and I was compelled to join in.

"Th' best bit o' clover in th' county," said the farmer, rubbing his hands.

"Twill feed they horses somethin' wunnerful," suggested Maister Wotter.

Farmer Giles turned as if something had stung him.

"I tell ye, Maister Wotter," he said, "ye're an amazin' hungry man fur horses. If ye had y'r will, every field would be gie'd to th' beasts."

"Do 'un a wunnerful deal o' good, there's no doubt," reiterated Maister Wotter, cheerfully, and Farmer Giles stamped on the ground.

"I'll not gie it 'un!" he cried. "So soon as it's turned, I'll cut it, an' then for th' market."

"Leave it alone until the end of the first week in September," I suggested. "It will be a fine crop then." I rent the shooting and know the value of the clover for partridge cover when my neighbours on either side have been shooting.

Farmer Giles recovered his temper instantly, and some suspicion of a smile hovered round his eyes.

"I'll be cuttin' it twicest afore then, in any case," he said, "an' yet ye'll find th' bards there right enough."

"Best gie it to they horses," said Maister Wotter, indicating his fine team in the neighbouring meadow. And, before the discussion was over, the horseman had wrung reluctant consent from Farmer Giles to cut a small patch for horse-feed.

"I doubt he'll not rest until I gie 'un another slice," sighed the farmer, as Maister Wotter moved off triumphant but not unduly elated; "I never didn't meet th' man that could satisfy Maister Wotter. 'Deed, I don't b'leeve there be th' man i' th' county."

The overseer has been threatening my dogs. There are half-a-dozen of them, born to sport as the sparks fly upwards, and at times they do get out of hand. If a lurcher or retriever or Scotch terrier sees hare or rabbit over the hedge and you do not call him to heel at once, there is almost certainly a run. This does not happen often, but, so surely as it does, the overseer is coming up or down the road, and, respectfully impertinent, warns me of traps that he has set in various parts. He is a sour man, this overseer, short and thick-set, unobliging, and not too civil. He has a dog as unsympathetic as himself. So soon as work is done, he goes to one of the groves on his

master's land and shoots all that runs or flies. He says he has orders to keep down vermin; but I am sure he exceeds these orders, for his master is a kind-hearted gentleman and a lover of Nature and wild life. In one of the groves a pair of herons had built a nest, and the mother bird sat on the tree-top over her bright-blue eggs. I would go into the fields towards sundown to see her mate come in from the marshes, what time all the bower was ringing with melody. I hear nothing now, save the sound of the overseer's gun; the singing-birds have left the grove, and, covered by the advancing greenery, the herons' nest stands deserted. On a heap of twigs in a corner of the woodside's edge the mother heron lies, victim of the overseer's lust for slaughter. My heart is very hot against him, and when he goes down the road, his cur at heels, I feel a choking sensation, followed by a desire to give him one. How any man can have the heart to murder harmless birds like the heron when they are on their nests in the spring of the year baffles my understanding. I can say honestly that I would have forgiven him sooner for shooting my best sporting-dog than for killing the mother heron as she sat in the high tree, at peace with all the world, waiting for her young ones to help her to enjoy the glories of the summer.

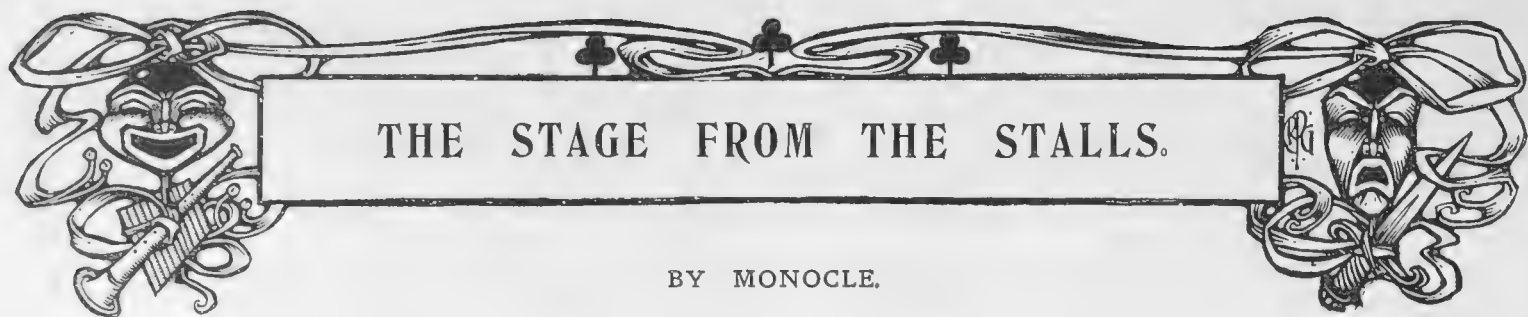
The sporting instinct comes to me with the close of summer and leaves me with the arrival of the spring. I like to feel that every living thing has its chance to enjoy the happiest seasons of the year, and never a bird or beast can truthfully accuse me of forgetting my rule. The sparrows are free to build their ragged straw nests in the rose over against the porch; the swallows have built in my bedroom before now, and I have left the window open throughout the summer for their sake. To me the woodland is sacred just now. So the overseer is as one who violates sanctuary—the mother heron flung to rot under the clump of wood-laurel cries aloud for vengeance.

Our summer season is upon us. Next week the Sick Club will have its thanksgiving festival. I do not quite understand why the Club has this entertainment annually, but I have a theory. When the end of the financial year has come, and there is a surplus, members feel that, unless they take some decisive action, some one of their party may go in for an expensive bout of sickness on his own account. To put an end to such risks, the surplus goes to a day of beef and pickles, with beer in plenty, songs, and, perhaps, a few remarks. It is the first social event of the year; until the pea-picking is over there will not be another, so I feel it is my duty to hear, and, if possible, to see all about it. They have



THE OVERSEER

no respect for the Press down here, but, if I pour out a libation of four-ale, it may be I shall not be regarded in the light of an unbidden guest. I put down my pen to seek mine host of the "Wheatshcaf," in whose tap-room, ingle-nooked, oak-raftered, sanded, and well warmed, the great ceremony will take place. S. L. BENSUSAN.



"MRS. HAMILTON'S SILENCE," "THE GRASS WIDOW," "LA ROBE ROUGE," AND "MRS. DANE'S DEFENCE."

A CURIOUS feature in the productions of last week is the important part played in them by law. "Mrs. Hamilton's Silence" works round a criminal trial, "La Robe Rouge" is law from beginning to end, and "Mrs. Dane's Defence" has for its chief effect an extra-judicial cross-examination by a Judge. The play produced by Mrs. Kendal at the handsome Fulham Theatre does not demand, or, at least, repay, much consideration, and it is not easy to see why Mrs. or Miss Jane Wilson adapted "Mrs. Hamilton's Silence" from a German play; or why Mrs. Kendal accepted it. The chief weakness of the piece is sheer lack of merit. There is no improbability in the story of the elderly mother who permits an innocent man to languish in prison rather than disclose the guilt of her darling son, and, somehow, no great interest in it. The scenes that the experienced playgoer expects take place, and he remains unmoved. For some reason not easily discoverable, even Mrs. Kendal's confession of guilt was not very impressive. It is rather rare to have plays comparatively free from positive faults yet dull as well. Perhaps the strongest evidence of the weakness of the play lies in the acting. "Good plays, good playing," is a fair working proposition. For once, Mrs. Kendal was ineffective: from the scenario one would have guessed that she had some great scenes, but they hung fire—she seemed artificial and insincere. When she asserted that the maternal instinct prompted her to save her son even by crime, she shouted as if she were a melodrama hero uttering a noble copy-book sentiment.

I pass to the next disappointment of the week, "The Grass Widow." Why should a dramatist in the position of Mrs. Ryley stoop to write a merely mechanical farce? Surely it is for the young hand or old hack to take the ancient characters of farce, shake them up in a hat, and bring out a combination styled "new and original"; and a dramatist of the quality and success of the author of "Mice and Men" might leave farce alone unless she has some truly humorous idea unsuitable for comedy. As it is, one has the double disappointment of finding the play tedious and also being vexed at the authorship. The thing rattles along in a fashion, and old devices at times cause new laughter; but when one has almost a whole Act taken up with a clumsily drawn comic detective and a farcical French duel, patience is exhausted. It may be that there are worse farces and that some of them enjoy success, but not when handicapped by a parentage which promises much better things. Another instance of "good plays, good playing," is in "The Grass Widow," in which the acting was mediocre, and, indeed, in the case of Mr. Le Hay, quite bad. Perhaps I should refer to Miss Grace Lane and Miss Muriel Ashwynne, who showed some cleverness as well as charm.

My third instance of the rule about "good plays, good playing," is "La Robe Rouge," at the Imperial; it is played by a company most of whom were in "Zaza" and seemed insignificant. Last Wednesday, in M. Brieux's play, though apparently their parts were not "fatter," they gave a quite brilliant performance: I am, for the moment, leaving Réjane out of the question. The new piece is interesting as the first work of one of the cleverest and most successful young French dramatists presented to our public, as a play which is to be given in English, as a powerful drama, and as a curious picture of French life. The author, like our "G. B. S.," is social reformer as well as dramatist. In "Les Avariés," too strong to be permitted even in Paris, he dealt with the horrible subject handled discreetly in "Ghosts"; his treatment of this seems to me to produce a good pamphlet, but an indifferent play. "La Robe Rouge" is admirable both as pamphlet and drama, and it comes as a blessed relief to the critic, since it leaves love out of the question. Even an emotional middle-aged man can get tired of plays about love, whether pure or impure. In fiction it is deemed permissible to make other matters your theme; in modern English drama you can hardly get away from the subject. I remember once suggesting the production of Ibsen's great drama, "The Pretenders"—in which I believe a fortune lies—to a Manager, and getting the reply that there is not a sufficient love-interest in it. In "La Robe Rouge," love plays no greater part than in "Macbeth," or, so far as the dramatic is concerned, in the lives of nine-tenths of us after youth is past. It presents, in the form of an interesting play with certain intensely vivid scenes, an attack on the French system of Criminal Law. Unfortunately for English playgoers, the French system is very French, or rather, very Continental. Although Berryer may have used the language of English jurists, that it is better to acquit ten guilty men than convict one innocent, the French system works terribly against the accused, and he is not given what we call fair play. So unfair, indeed, does their procedure appear

to us that to the ignorant the drama tends to seem an incredible caricature. What Englishman can conceive the idea of a police magistrate giving a prisoner eight days' solitary confinement to break his spirit, then cross-examining him fiercely—indeed, with a brutality not seen at the Old Bailey in its worst days—laying every conceivable trap for him, and going so far as to tell him that his "alibi" is false and that witnesses, who do not really exist, will give evidence to break up the "alibi"? What would Papa Weller have thought of this treatment of an "alibi"? The mental torture of the procedure is sometimes so appalling as to induce innocent men to make confessions of guilt in order to get momentary relief. Critics have complained of the brutality of the torture scene in "La Tosca"; it is not so horrible as the interrogation by Mouzon, the Juge d'Instruction, in the second Act of M. Brieux's play, which also is thrilling and dramatic in a very high degree.

The piece has another aspect. The key-note of our legal system is the independence of the Judge; he has no favours to hope for, no punishments to fear, and he is handsomely paid. In France he forms part of the Civil Service system, is wickedly underpaid, and can get advancement or suffer degradation at almost any stage. The influence of a simple Deputy might secure Vagret, the Public Prosecutor at Mauléon, the post of Conseiller of the Court of Appeal, with increase of his salary to more than sixteen pounds a-month, and with the right to wear the red robe which gives the title to the play. What can you expect in the way of justice under such a system? Fortunately, the author is skilful enough to introduce elements of fine, grim humour into his work, and is so artistic as not to paint all the lawyers black; and there is a beautiful little scene in which the conscience of the prosecutor, Vagret, wakes up, and he determines, at the cost of ruin to himself, to act fairly to the prisoner.

Réjane's part is rather small; she represents a Basque peasant, wife of the accused—who, by the way, is acquitted, but ruined by his arrest and trial. The actress has really two strong scenes, the one her interrogation by Mouzon, and the other her assassination of Mouzon, who, by causing the disclosure to her husband of her ante-nuptial crime, causes him to repudiate her and deprive her of their children. These scenes, remarkable for the scrupulous accuracy of her study of peasant life, are played with immense force and terribly effective. I should like to find space to deal with the work of the others, but must merely mention Madame Daynes Grassot and MM. Dubosc, Grand, Paulet, Tourneur, and Mathillon, who all acted admirably.

Two other events of the week, beside "The Bishop's Move," which is dealt with elsewhere, are the hundredth performance of "Paolo and Francesca" and the revival of "Mrs. Dane's Defence," the former, I think, the best work of its author. It is very agreeable to find that Mr. Alexander's beautiful production of the play is successful, but this subject will be more interesting when considered with Mr. Crawford's treatment of the same theme and Bernhardt's acting as Francesca. Mr. Wyndham has at his command most of the original cast for Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's play, in which Miss Lena Ashwell made the triumph of her life so far, and the consequence is an admirable performance of the tale of the woman who hoped to bury her past and would have been a good wife to the man whom she releases.

The question whether Sir Daniel should force him to release her is one of some difficulty, and it is rather hard to know whether, in his mode of ending the piece, Mr. H. Arthur Jones should be considered conventional or original. Curiously, it happens that the weak performance of the part of Lionel, the sweetheart of Felicia, otherwise Mrs. Dane, helps the author, since it suggests feebleness of character. Now, the only case where a woman good at heart but with an ugly record can hope for happiness is where she marries a man strong in character who can deal with the question firmly once and for all. One feels that Lionel, after the flame of passion had subsided, would have rendered poor Felicia miserable; no real reason, perhaps, for the dramatist to prevent the marriage, since he is not bound to supply a happy-ever-after ending, or even a conclusive conclusion. At present, we will not accept the *tranche de la vie* theory of play-writing, but demand a rounding-off, and this is an impediment. Life has a way of raising big questions and leaving them unanswered, but we do not permit the dramatist to imitate Nature in this respect. I ought to add that the play seems as fresh and strong as before and produced a deep impression on the audience, and that the acting of the principals was received with enthusiasm.



MISS LILY BRAYTON AS VIOLA.

MISS BRAYTON LAST WEEK RESUMED HER DELIGHTFUL PERFORMANCE OF VIOLA IN MR. TREE'S SHORT REVIVAL OF "TWELFTH NIGHT," AT HER MAJESTY'S.

Photograph by Miss Lizzie Caswall Smith, Oxford Street, W.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

The National Peace Anthem—Mr. Kruger's Historic Phrase—Madame Humbert's Diamonds—The Cult of the Chestnut-Tree—Emperor and President—The Precedent of Captain Kettle—An Interchange of Compliments—A Gaudy Jaunting-Car—Weather "Snips."

The great National Peace Anthem of the streets was—

Good-bye, Dolly, I must leave you,
Tho' it breaks my heart to go;
Good-bye, Dolly, I must leave you,
For "the Front" to face the Foe!

Probably never before has the cynical remark that the words of a song do not matter so long as the tune is all right been so strikingly exemplified.

Every one of the foreign Pressmen who did not interview Mr. Kruger the day after the surrender of the Boers had a different phrase to report as the dramatic utterance of his hero at that crisis. The most touching was, "I do not care to go back to South Africa now!" Unfortunately, a hard world will observe that this sentence smacks less of the Boer than of the reporter's intelligent anticipation of events before they occur.

The following story is going the rounds of the foreign Press concerning the notorious Humberts. One day, M. Humbert, being short of money, took his wife's diamonds to a jeweller, to raise some cash on them. The jeweller looked at them and replied that the stones were worthless, as Madame Humbert had sold the real stones some months previously and had had them replaced by imitations. This is how the spreading chestnut-tree is planted in the reputations of celebrities of the day.

One of the finest specimens of this kind of arboriculture was recently provided by a gossiping weekly, which told how an undergraduate at Trinity College, Dublin, was addressed by Professor Mahaffy out of his window with the words, "I never look out of this window without seeing you crossing the grass." "And I, sir," replied the undergraduate, "never cross this grass without seeing you look out of that window." The story was told a century ago of Bishop Mansel, Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, with Lord Byron as the undergraduate, and probably was told of Chaucer and the then Master of Clare College centuries before that.

The Emperor William is always surprising us, but he has seldom been more successful in staggering humanity than when he offered to send a statue of that grim old drill-sergeant, Frederick the Great, as a present to the United States. The President could not refuse the gift, but he certainly scored freely when he replied with the offer of a statue of Washington.

The only parallel in modern history is supplied by the same Emperor William, who once sent his photograph, with his signature across it, to the wife of that fierce little mariner, Captain Kettle. The Captain, not being willing that his wife should accept things from people he did not know, sent one of Mrs. Kettle's in return, "so that there should be no robbery." He added, "She has written her name across it, same as yours."

A COURTLY INTERCHANGE OF COMPLIMENTS.

THE EMPEROR: I've a present for you, Teddie;
'Tis the statue of a King;
Not a king of rails or silver,
Nor a boss of Trust or Ring,
But a King who laid his rattan
Sharply on his subjects' back—
(Aside) 'Twill remind those bragging Yankees
Of the discipline they lack.

THE PRESIDENT: I've a present for you, Willie,
'Tis the statue of a man;
Not the stiff and pipeclayed product
Of the sergeant's rataplan.
He rebelled against his Sovereign,
Was a traitor, you would say—
(Aside) 'Twill remind those cringing Dutchers
Of our freedom, anyway.

As a souvenir of his recent visit to Ireland, Prince Henry of Prussia bought an Irish outside-car, which was painted an olive-green picked out with red, and with green cushions to match. If the Prince goes jaunting about Berlin in this conveyance, he will look so like a pickled cabbage that the colours must have been chosen out of compliment to the national Sauerkraut.

It is announced that the Meteorological Office is going to supply special harvest-weather forecasts in sixpenny telegrams to farmers for the next four months. There is something very like Jim Baggs' special "snip" and leviathan half-crown wire for the Derby about this information, which reminds us that prophecies about the weather and about horse-races are, as a rule, equally trustworthy.—WADHAM PEACOCK.

THE BLUECOAT BOYS IN THEIR NEW HOME.

SENTIMENTALISTS, of course, will continue to lament that the Bluecoat Boys have left their historic London home, but one cannot stop to reckon with sentimentalists where the health and happiness of young people are concerned. The pictures given of the new Christ's Hospital on the opposite page are ample evidence that the authorities were justified in moving from London to a brighter and more sanitary spot.



REV. ARTHUR W. UPCOTT, HEADMASTER OF CHRIST'S HOSPITAL.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Wigmore Street, W.

The new buildings were completed some little time ago. On Friday last the boys went down to Horsham for the first time, not only the elder pupils from London, but also the small fry who up to this date have had a separate establishment at Hertford. The opening ceremony was of a very simple character. This was not without reason, for it is hoped that the King will be able to be present at the beginning of next term and open formally the new habitation of the great educational institution founded by his ancestor, Edward VI. The *Sketch* photographs show that, in spite of the rain, the good folk of Horsham were sufficiently interested to assemble in honour of the boys' arrival; also that the boys themselves were naturally excited at the prospect of seeing for the first time their new quarters. They formed up at the railway station which has been specially built for the convenience of the school, and, with banners flying, marched away to take possession.

The photograph on this page shows the Rev. Arthur W. Upcott, who succeeds the Rev. R. Lee as Headmaster of the School. In many ways, he will have an easier task to perform than had his famous predecessor, for no expense has been spared to render Christ's Hospital at Horsham as up-to-date and convenient as modern science can make it. The cost of the new buildings is estimated at some three hundred thousand pounds.

ART NOTES.

A highly creditable exhibition of nearly three hundred works has just been arranged by the '91 Art Club at the Doré Gallery, a good deal of freshness of observation and treatment marking the works generally, while the independent spirit of the members brings variety into the show. One would not hesitate to declare that nearly every one of these pictures and sketches has been made direct from Nature, and to a great extent they may be taken to represent the holiday expeditions of the artists, for we find plenty of glimpses of such haunts as Rye, Boulogne, and the Cornish coast, as well as notes of Holland, Brittany, and Venice. Landscapes in oil and water-colour predominate, but there are also figure-subjects, among which special appreciation is due to Mrs. Moscheles' "Spanish Boy Selling Fish," Miss Ramsay's "A Learned Doctor," and Miss Rosa Hensman's "The Kimono" and "Study for a Portrait." Other works deserving notice are Miss Adie's singularly bright water-colour, "Venice," and Miss Duncan's lively representation of "A Rainy Day," with plenty of figures and other incidents. Miss Rose Barton contributes another of her successful child-pictures, and some metal-work and other examples of art-craftsmanship are included.

At the Holland Gallery may be seen a number of oil and water-colour pictures by some of the best painters of the modern Dutch School. The large work, "Meditation," by Josef Israels, is noteworthy as an example of his earlier method, and one suspects that he had some thought of Rembrandt in focussing the light so strongly on the girl's head and thus obtaining a very telling effect. A. van Anrooy's cottage-girl "Knitting" at her window makes a very pleasing composition. W. H. Mesdag's river with shipping, "Pinken," is an admirable example of his skill. There is a harmonious picture of "Dordrecht" by J. Maris, and W. Maris is well represented by a work depicting donkeys waiting for hire near the seashore, and also by an amusing portrayal of "Ducks and Ducklings." Theo de Bock's and P. J. Gabriel's landscapes are among other excellent features.

CHRIST'S HOSPITAL AT HORSHAM:

THE BLUECOAT BOYS TAKE POSSESSION OF THEIR NEW HOME.



THE GOOD FOLK OF HORSHAM WAITING IN THE RAIN TO SEE THE BOYS ARRIVE.



OUTSIDE HORSHAM STATION: MARKERS WAITING FOR THE BOYS TO FALL IN.



PREPARING TO MARCH TO THE SCHOOL.



A MASTER ASSIGNING NUMBERS TO THE BOYS.



A GENERAL VIEW OF THE NEW BUILDINGS.



ANOTHER VIEW, SHOWING THE GREAT HALL.



BOYS INSPECTING AND TRYING THEIR BEDS.



"IS TEA READY?"

FAMOUS AMATEUR DRAMATIC CLUBS.

II.—THE "O.U.D.S."

WHEN Queen Elizabeth visited Oxford in 1566, there was a play performed in her honour on a Sunday night in Christ Church Hall. It was a Latin play on the subject of a State-trial under Alexander Severus, and it lasted till one in the morning. The Queen said that she was too tired to attend, which excuse increases my admiration of Her Majesty's common sense. She was present, however, on the following Monday night, when "Palamon and Arcyte," by Richard Edwards, was played, and gave the boy who played Emilia, and who wore a dress belonging to "the late Queen Mary," eight angels because he sang sweetly.

Space is denied me to linger over the Oxford plays and players of long ago, or I would write of "The Floating Island," performed before Charles I., which Lord Carnarvon declared to be the worst play he ever saw, but in the mounting of which shifting scenery was first used, a novelty soon copied by the London playhouses; of the plays which James I. sat out sorely against his will and trying at intervals to leave; of Colley Cibber's compliments to the Oxonians on their taste in the drama, and of the astonishment with which the permission given to "one Handel, a foreigner, to perform in music" during term-time at the "theater" was received. I will not even dwell on the outburst of dramatic talent at the University in the forties of the last century, when the late Frank Talfourd organised the Oxford Dramatic Amateurs; Brandram, the reciter, sang and danced in burlesque; Mrs. Stirling came down from town to help the rising talent, and Robert Reece and Herman Merivale grew enamoured of the stage; nor on the short and brilliant career and sad ending of "The Shooting Stars" in the sixties, but will come at once to comparatively recent times and to the gradual evolution of the "O.U.D.S."

In 1879, the Hon. J. G. Adderley, who is now one of the most popular, most devoted, and most hard-working of clergymen, went up to Christ Church. The drama did not flourish in those days, for neither professional nor amateur performances of plays were allowed during term-time, and the "Vic.," the theatre of the town, was a bear-garden in which performers and audience slanged and chaffed each other, using directness of speech in place of wit. Cambridge, with its "A.D.C.," was plucking all the amateur dramatic laurels, and it seemed to Mr. Adderley and some of his friends at Christ Church that this should no longer be; therefore, beginning with small things, they organised a performance of "The Area Belle" and "Box and Cox" in Mr. Adderley's rooms in Peckwater. There was no actual rule against footlights, "wings," and practicable doors and windows being taken into College, and the porter watched them come in and scratched his head and wondered. The Dons, who had noted these strange portents, also wondered; but when Mr. Adderley ordered forty suppers from the buttery, the authorities considered that an unlawful assemblage was about to be held and that something must be done to thwart this new and monstrous departure. Therefore, an old rule, which

prohibited the serving of more than four suppers to any single order, was put into force, and the authorities, having dealt their blow, expected the theatricals to collapse. Mr. Adderley, however, was as "slim" as any Boer General, and, finding that the rule applied only to suppers, ordered forty lunches, the food comprising which, kept till midnight, was a supper in all but name. These first performances were so successful that the young actors, all of whom were Christ Church men except Alan Mackinnon, whose College was Trinity, constituted themselves a corporate body, with the fine, mouth-filling title of the "Oxford University Philothespian Society."

For two years the Philothespians existed on sufferance. The Senior Proctor, the present Canon Scott Holland, gave them encouragement, and the Vice-Chancellor of the day let them know that he would not object to their performances so long as they were not brought directly to his notice. Even when he could no longer ignore the existence of these amateur stage-players within the limits of his jurisdiction, and Mr. Adderley stood before him expecting to be sent down, the kindly great man was gentle towards the players, smiled, and let the undergraduate go without so much as a lecture. But there are such things as examinations for students even though they be heaven-born actors, and most of the original members of the Philothespians when they were forced to read for their final schools renounced for the time being their allegiance to the drama. However, just as Adderley and some of the older members of the Society retired for the time from active service, Arthur Bouchier, now one of the noble band of London actor-managers and the lessee of the Garrick Theatre, came up to "the House" from Eton, and, supported by Mr. W. L. Courtney, then a tutor of New, obtained from Dr. Jowett, the then Vice-Chancellor, permission to give public performances at Oxford, on condition that only

plays by Shakspeare and Greek plays were to be acted and that ladies were to take the female parts. This permission was really the Magna Charta of the amateur actors of the University.

In 1883, the Philothespians had Club-rooms in Canterbury House, King Edward Street; they arranged smoking-concerts, and when they dined together on occasions of ceremony all wore sashes of old gold and pink. In this year, under the presidency of Mr. Arthur Bouchier, "The Merchant of Venice" was produced in the Town Hall. Bouchier was the Shylock; Mr. Bromley-Davenport, now M.P. for Macclesfield, was Launcelot Gobbo; Mr. Courtney was the Bassanio; and Mr. Morris, of Jesus College, who has been a most steady supporter of the Club, was the Duke. The ladies were Mrs. Courtney, Mrs. Woods (both wives of officials), and Miss J. F. Arnold. Mr. Clement Scott came down to Oxford and wrote a long and generous account of the performance for the *Daily Telegraph*, and the new departure in Oxford theatricals was voted on all sides to be a great success. One little fly there was in the milk of human kindness. Bouchier and Bromley-Davenport, hastening to the stage-door wrapped in the spirit of their



MR. TENNENT IN "MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING" (1901).



MR. MACKINNON AS THE KING IN "STRAFFORD" (1890).



MR. BOURCHIER AS HOTSPUR IN "HENRY IV." (1885).



MR. H. B. IRVING AS KING JOHN (1891).

Photographs by Hills and Saunders, Oxford.

parts and oblivious of such things as cap and gown, were stopped by the "bull-dogs" of one of the Proctors and their names and addresses demanded. "Shylock and Launcelot Gobbo; No. 1, The Rialto, Venice," replied ever-ready Bouchier, and they passed on unscathed.

The next event of any great importance in the Club history was its reconstitution—and no Club has ever reconstituted itself with such frequency and vigour as the "O.U.D.S." The old Philothespian name vanished, and it became the "Oxford University Dramatic Society," with a Committee embracing all the popular elements of the University. The Club-

rooms were moved, and the "O.U.D.S." took up its abode in High Street. The first performance of the Society under its new name was one of "Henry IV." This was given in the Town Hall, and Alan Mackinnon, most patient and even-tempered of all amateur actor-managers, produced it. That "most superior person" of the wickedly sarcastic rhyme, G. N. Curzon, now Lord Curzon of Kedleston and Viceroy of India, wrote a prologue to the play; Bouchier was the Hotspur, a very fine performance; the Hon. Gilbert Coleridge was an admirable Falstaff; and Lady Edward Churchill and Lady St. Leonards played the principal female parts. Then the new theatre was built in George Street, an absolutely up-to-date building, round the foyer of which are now hung photographs of the members of the "O.U.D.S." in the costumes of the various characters they have played, and on the new stage "Twelfth Night" was produced, with E. H. Clark, who has since won laurels as a professional in London, as Malvolio. As I do not wish to write a mere catalogue of the plays produced by the "O.U.D.S.," I will skip all details of the Greek "Alceste," except to mention that Mackinnon, as Apollo descending from the clouds, was caught in the wires and almost strangled by his own bow-string, and that Bouchier, as Death, rose from the infernal regions in a cloud of steam which was so hot that he arrived on earth parboiled and using words that no one could find in the original text; nor will I mention "The Merry Wives of Windsor," except to say that Lionel Monckton conducted the orchestra and that Beerbohm Tree thought the play so well done that he asked for the prompt copy.

"Julius Cæsar," with scenery designed by Alma-Tadema and music by Lionel Monckton, was one of the triumphant successes of the "O.U.D.S.," and, as there was an army in this play, it was in great favour with the undergraduates, who, according to what is now the

custom, flocked in all their strength to the theatre on the last days of the performance, sat as close as sardines in the stalls, and hailed their friends in the opposing armies by name. It is said, and my authority is Mr. Arthur Bouchier himself, that during the run of the piece the armies dwindled, and that, to bring the combatants to the full strength, one army was recruited, "for one night only," from the Town, with the result that the battle was the most realistic Town and Gown Row ever seen on any stage. Also it is said that the muscular twitchings of the defunct Brutus were declared by surgeons in the audience

to be true to—death, but that this new effect was produced by the protruding horsehair in the cushion which was the foundation of a mossy bank tickling Mr. Bouchier in the neck. It was either in "Julius Cæsar" or in "King John"—in which latter play H. B. Irving was King John and Holman Clark Hubert—that the stage-manager noticed that the army flocked like one man to the doors of one of the tents, and, on investigating the cause, found that two of the Company—I believe "Dizzy" and "Bobby" Peel—had established there an American bar.

"The Frogs" of Aristophanes, in which "fleshings" were discarded and the actors appeared with bare limbs,

the "Two Gentlemen of Verona," and "The Tempest" produced no incidents of particular humour or interest, but "Strafford" was remarkable because it was a breaking away from the Shakspeare tradition, because Mrs. Charles Sim was quite admirable as the heroine, and because in the "Oxford Extension" performance there were three representatives of the King in a run of four nights—Mackinnon being one—influenza being the cause of the quick change.

To come to quite recent times, the performance of "Much About Nothing" in 1901 was very successful indeed, Mr. Tennent and Miss Janet Alexander winning especial laurels, and I can personally vouch that in this present year of grace the "Two Gentlemen of Verona," produced by Mr. Foss, with music by Lord Herschell, was an extremely well played and very bright performance, Kenworthy Browne, of New, as Proteus, and Lord Tiverton as Launce, with a wonderful dog, earning, in my humble opinion, high honour. The "O.U.D.S." now has a very charming Club-house in George Street, round the walls of the morning-room in which are wooden settles with the title and year of the plays produced carved on them, and it has reached a period of its career when the right admixture of social exclusiveness and dramatic efficiency has been arrived at. N. NEWMHAM-DAVIS.



MISS JANET ALEXANDER IN "MUCH ABOUT NOTHING" (1901).



MRS. CHARLES SIM IN "STRAFFORD" (1890).

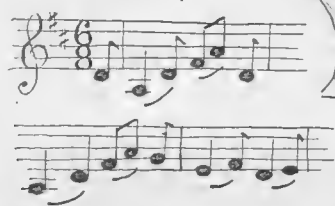


THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY DRAMATIC SOCIETY, 1901.

Photographs by Hills and Saunders, Oxford.

STUDIES IN EXPRESSION.

BY THOMAS DOWNEY.

A TROUBLESOME
E STRING.HE REVELS IN
PAGANINI PASSAGES.A RIPPLE OF
HARMONICS.4^e Corde. —TEARING THE
SOUL FROM
THE G STRING.
Thos. Downey
THE SIXTH
RECAL—
—JUST A
GLEAM OF
SATISFACTION.

"THE SKETCH" PHOTOGRAPHIC INTERVIEWS.

XIII.—HERR JAN KUBELIK.



"HAVING TUNED MY STRADIVARIUS——"



"——I WILL PLAY YOU A LITTLE SOMETHING."



"I DON'T THINK YOU'VE SEEN MY MINIATURE VIOLIN."



"I SPEND A GREAT DEAL OF TIME STUDYING MANUSCRIPT."



"AND IN DISCUSSING MATTERS WITH MR. NEDBAL, THE CONDUCTOR OF MY ORCHESTRA."



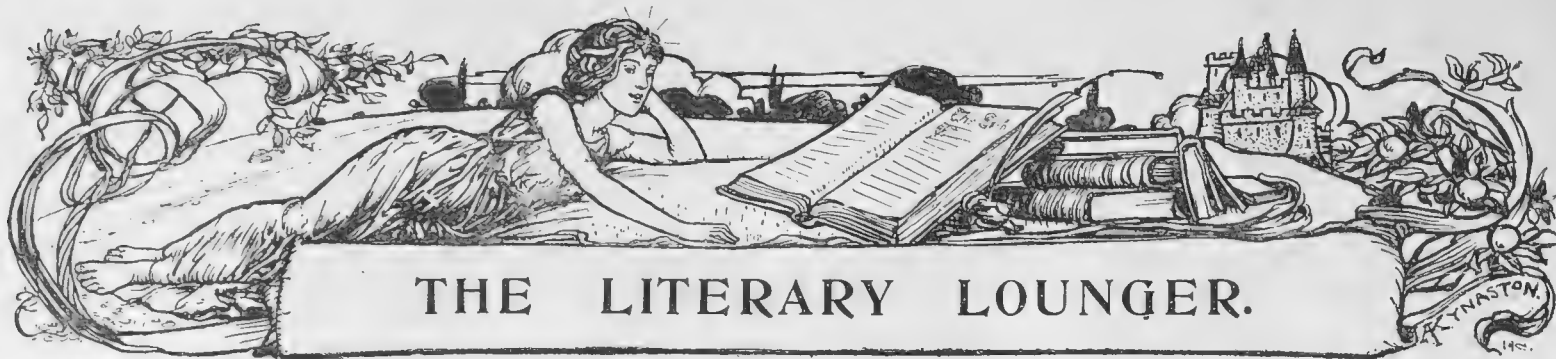
"AUTOGRAPH? DELIGHTED."



"NOW I'M GOING TO PUT AWAY THE VIOLIN——"



"——AND RUSH OFF. GOOD-BYE."



MR. J. M. BARRIE'S play, "Quality Street," which has had a most successful run in America, will probably be produced in London in the autumn. The details are not settled, but it is practically certain that Miss Maude Adams will not come to England. Mr. Barrie has not yet begun another play.

"The Confessions of a Wife," by Mary Adams, now being published in the *Century Magazine*, are creating the greatest interest in America, and there is much speculation as to the identity of the author. The Century Company is evidently arranging to repeat the "Love Letters of an Englishwoman" boom, for it states emphatically that it does not know the name of the author and that all communications are being sent to her "pseudonymic" name and address.

Mr. John Lane is to publish immediately a kind of Parisian companion to the "Letters of Elizabeth." This will be called "An English Girl in Paris" and will be anonymous.

Miss Edith Stokoe, who has translated the French work on Napoleon at St. Helena, published in Paris in February under the title "Napoléon, Prisonnier," is a great-grand-niece of Dr. John Stokoe, Napoleon's medical attendant after the banishment of O'Meara. The English version of the book, which will be published by Mr. John Lane, is entitled "With Napoleon at St. Helena," and will contain facsimiles of important letters and documents and, it is said, an *exposé* of the system adopted by Sir Hudson Lowe and his treatment of the Emperor.

M. Hugues le Roux, the well-known French journalist and lecturer, has raised a nice point of literary ethics by his statement that he is the author of "La Belle Nivernaise," one of the best-known short stories in Alphonse Daudet's famous collection. He has said in effect—

While I was M. Daudet's secretary, I faithfully studied his style, as did also many of his other young pupils. You know that we have in the Louvre many paintings by Rubens. These all bear the name of the master, and yet it is a well-known fact that many of them are the work of his pupils, who closely imitated him, offering their results to him from time to time for correction and advice and final revision, but doing practically all the labour themselves. One day my master came to me and said, "Le Roux, an American magazine for young people wishes me to produce for them a very moral story which shall have for its central figures such-and-such young persons of estimable character. Have you in stock such personages and can you produce such a story?" I told my master that I would try, and the result was "La Belle Nivernaise."

This statement has naturally aroused fierce discussion in literary circles, especially in America, where M. le Roux has lately been lecturing. The comments of the newspapers are distinctly characteristic. The *New York Times* says—

Whether Daudet would or would not have been guilty of so contemptible a transaction as that with which M. le Roux charges him—it amounts to nothing less than obtaining money under false pretences—must, of course, be left for decision to those who knew the man as well as his books, and even his nearest friends cannot determine the matter absolutely, since the task imposed upon them, if they would refute the accusation, is the impossible one of proving a negative. The situation thus created is a very painful one.

However common it may have been then, or may be now, to do such things in

France, their impropriety is evident, and, much as M. le Roux may revere the memory of his model and master, he has not added to its lustre by his revelation. It is not that Daudet's reputation as an author rests to any appreciable extent upon "La Belle Nivernaise," but that one's mental attitude toward the other and greater works is somehow affected by the charge against this small production. Our correspondent thinks that M. le Roux still loves Daudet. Does he think that if Daudet were alive he would still love M. le Roux? That question is the key to the problem.

The *Denver Republican* reduces the whole matter to a practical and thoroughly business-like level when it states that such a method of work is simply a new application of Mr. Andrew Carnegie's theory that the successful man surrounds himself with men cleverer than their employer, and that the only difficulty in future will be to find the literary assistant who does not know the real value of his raw material!

Another nice point which may enliven literary discussion during these dead days is whether Mark Twain is justified in introducing into his new novel, "A Double-Barrelled Detective Story," no less a person than Mr. Sherlock Holmes, of whom he makes unmerciful fun. He brings him to the wilds of America, and has his ways of deduction put to shame before a mining-camp, and nearly gets Mr. Holmes lynched. The question arises, Has Mr. Clemens Dr. Conan Doyle's permission for the use of Mr. Holmes's person, just as Mr. Frohman lends his "stars" to other managers, or did Mr. Clemens make free with the character of Mr. Sherlock Holmes? And if Mr. Clemens had actually succeeded in lynching Mr. Sherlock Holmes, would Mr. Sherlock Holmes at last be really dead?

Émile Zola is hard at work on his new novel, the serial publication of which is expected to begin in the autumn. The scene is partly laid in Jerusalem, where M. Zola is now collecting material.

Messrs. T. C. and E. C. Jack, of Edinburgh, are to publish immediately an important collection of Scottish portraits which will contain a series of one hundred and twenty photogravures and will comprise the most distinguished Scottish men and women from the date of the earliest authentic portraits to the middle of the last

century. Mr. James L. Caw, of the Scottish National Portrait Gallery, will contribute a biographical note on each person. O. O.

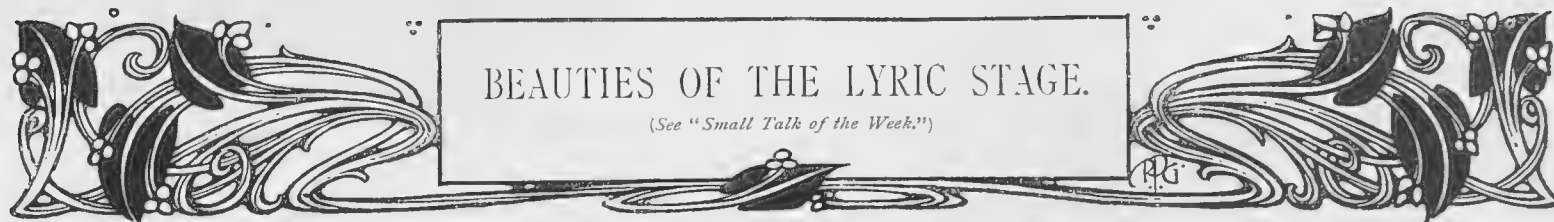
A NEW PLAYWRIGHT.

Lady Troubridge, the clever sister of Lady Dudley, is about to join the increasing ranks of women playwrights. Even as a bride, she was a welcome contributor to the magazines, and from the first she distinguished herself by the brilliancy and sparkling quality of her dialogue. She also published a novel which was favourably noticed. Lady Troubridge, who was before her marriage Miss Laura Gurney, spent much of her girlhood with Lady Henry Somerset and with Adeline, Duchess of Bedford. Her marriage to Sir Thomas Troubridge took place nine years ago. She is the proud mother of two beautiful children, the eldest of whom is the namesake of Lady Dudley. Lady Troubridge is writing her play for Mrs. Langtry, who is always interested in the work of new dramatists.



LADY TROUBRIDGE, WHO HAS WRITTEN A PLAY FOR MRS. LANGTRY.

Photograph by Kate Pragnell, Knightsbridge.



BEAUTIES OF THE LYRIC STAGE.

(See "Small Talk of the Week.")



MISS EDNA MAY.

Photograph by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

BEAUTIES OF THE LYRIC STAGE.



MISS NINA SEVENING.

Photograph by Foulsham and Danfield, Wigmore Street, W.

BEAUTIES OF THE LYRIC STAGE.



MISS JULIE RING.

Photograph by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

BEAUTIES OF THE LYRIC STAGE.



MISS EVIE GREENE.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Wignore Street, IV.



THE BOOK AND ITS AUTHOR.

"MRS. WARREN'S PROFESSION."

ONE of the many curious phenomena connected with the stage is the quaint lack of sense of proportion shown by people in the theatrical world. Last January the Stage Society presented Mr. G. B. Shaw's play, "Mrs. Warren's Profession," and now a new edition of it is published by Mr. Grant Richards, with photographs of the players and a preface by "G. B. S." nearly as long as the play—and far more interesting. For Mr. Shaw's prefaces, like some by Dumas *filis*, and the preface to "Mademoiselle de Maupin," are the cleverest parts of his work. The preface would cause the ignorant to think that the production of the play staggered London. Yet it did not cause even a nine days' wonder, and the author is strangely self-deluded in fancying that he startled "all but the strongest-headed of the London theatre critics clean out of the practice of their profession"—whatever that may mean. As a matter of fact, the performance of the piece created no great sensation, and the re-publication of it will cause little excitement, despite the carefully calculated indiscretions of the preface. Mr. Shaw, his talents, and methods are too well known for that; and yet, indeed, the man remains a mystery. I have heard fierce controversy on the question whether he is a humbug or not, and the justification of those supporting the affirmative view, or, at least, their excuse, is the fact that he often adopts the charlatan's methods of advertisement. Personally, and judging entirely from evidence implicit in his works, I should say that he is a humbug without knowing it, and I believe that he would march cheerfully to the stake as martyr for opinions which he only fancies that he believes. The preface and the play raise two questions—as to the necessity for a Censor of stage works and as to the freedom of choice of subject for the stage. Concerning the suppression, "G. B. S." seems to think himself a voice crying in the wilderness, and suggests that he alone in the Press protested against the licensing of "The Conquerors"; in all this he is strangely ill-informed.

As a broad rule, it is not subject but mode of treatment which determines the question of the propriety of a work. Subject may be a bar, as is recognised even by admirers of Balzac, who deplore three short stories—that I shall not name—by the great author of the famous phrase, *Chastes de corps nous étions hardis en paroles*. Mode of treatment condemns the brilliant "Mademoiselle de Maupin." Now, one may fairly suggest that, whilst, as a subject, "Mrs. Warren's Profession" might be fit in France, it is not in England. Mr. Shaw makes her carry on her trade abroad for the reason that this branch of vice is rather Continental than insular. Mr. Shaw's Profession of Faith in his mission as dramatist and moralist combined may justify him in touching pitch

and soiling his fingers if he keeps others from being defiled, but not—to use Mr. Archer's phrase—in wallowing in it *uselessly*. There may be English people dealing in Mrs. Warren's trade, but this aspect of the social question is, relatively speaking, of little importance. It is only in the few phrases from Mrs. Warren's mouth as to one unpleasant aspect of the lives of her employees that the piece has an excuse, and there is too little of this for it to be impressive. "G. B. S." blames the Censor for "the refusal to allow Mrs. Warren to expose the drudgery and repulsiveness of plying for hire among coarse, tedious drunkards"; but Mr. Redford may well reply that his

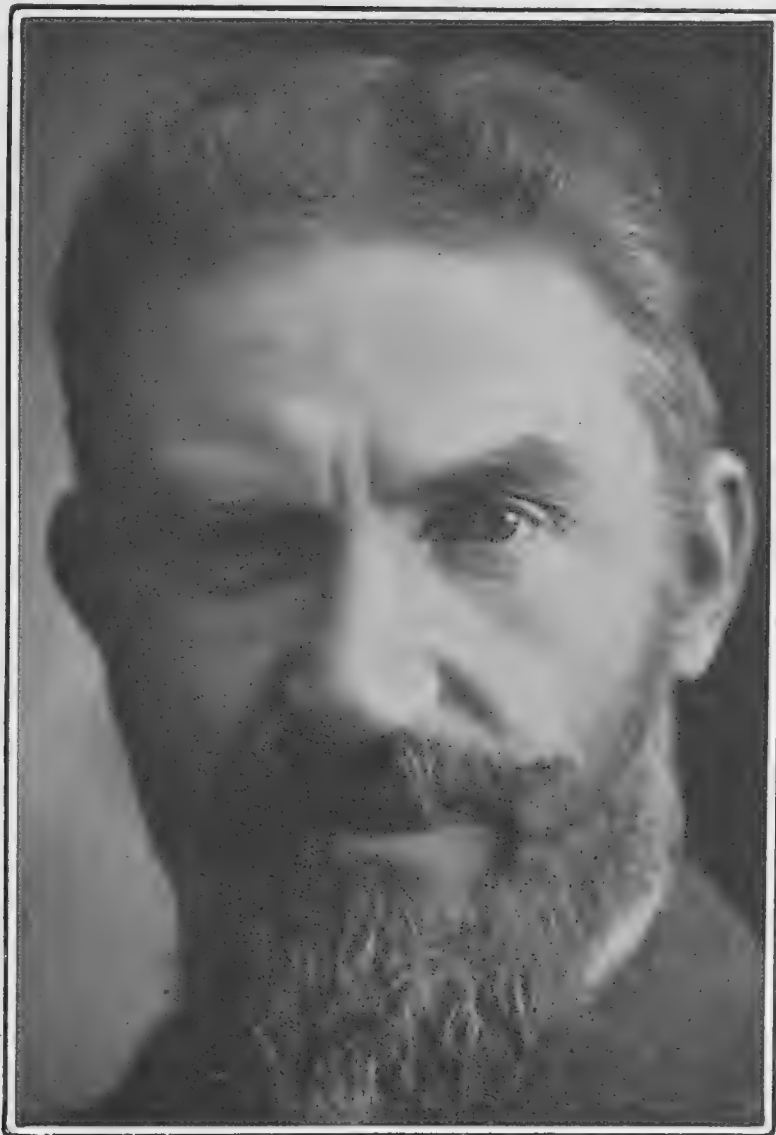
objection is that she does far too little to expose this, and that the general effect of the play is curiously undeterrent.

I quite agree with "G. B. S." that the permitted stage presentations of the betaira, as a rule, are deplorably immoral, and one may add that a system which licensed "La Dame aux Camélias" and prohibits "Nana" is ridiculous. If the dramatist had given us Mrs. Warren at the stage in her career when she exploited herself and before she exploited others, and had not shown that a life of vice may lead to wealth and comfort, one could reconcile his practice with his preface; as it is, he merely seems to preach, "Be vicious and you will be prosperous." There may be another moral, but it is too carefully concealed, since one can hardly look upon Mrs. Warren's failure to win her daughter's love as any sort of punishment.

The play, apart from the question of subject, is hardly amazing. The author seems to think that because some of his characters appear unnatural to the critics they must necessarily be natural; now, it does not follow that a character is unnatural because the critics think so, but one can hardly push this as far as the author's proposition. Of Vivie one can use Sir Hugh Evans' phrase: "I like not when a woman has a great peard: I spy a great peard under her muffler"—and the great peard seems of the ruddy hue with which Mr. Shaw harmonises his habiliments. Her likeness to Mrs. Warren is due to the fact that in style of conversation they both resemble a third person,

namely, the author, and for this one is grateful, since his conversation is never dull. Personally, I hardly complain because the characters are Shakespearian, but the result is not exactly good drama. There is a peculiar quality in him that prevents one from being bored or moved—save to laughter—by his plays. "Mrs. Warren's Profession" ought to be awfully tragic; instead, it is nasty in places, as in Vivie's kissing her mother after her dreadful *apologia* and Mrs. Warren's kissing of Frank; it is interesting always, and never has the dramatic thrill which ought to come from the use of his materials. Frankly, I think that the author, whilst useful in his vigorous and witty castigation of others, is curiously blind towards his own work.

MONOCLE.



MR. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW, AUTHOR OF "MRS. WARREN'S PROFESSION"—WITH PREFACE.

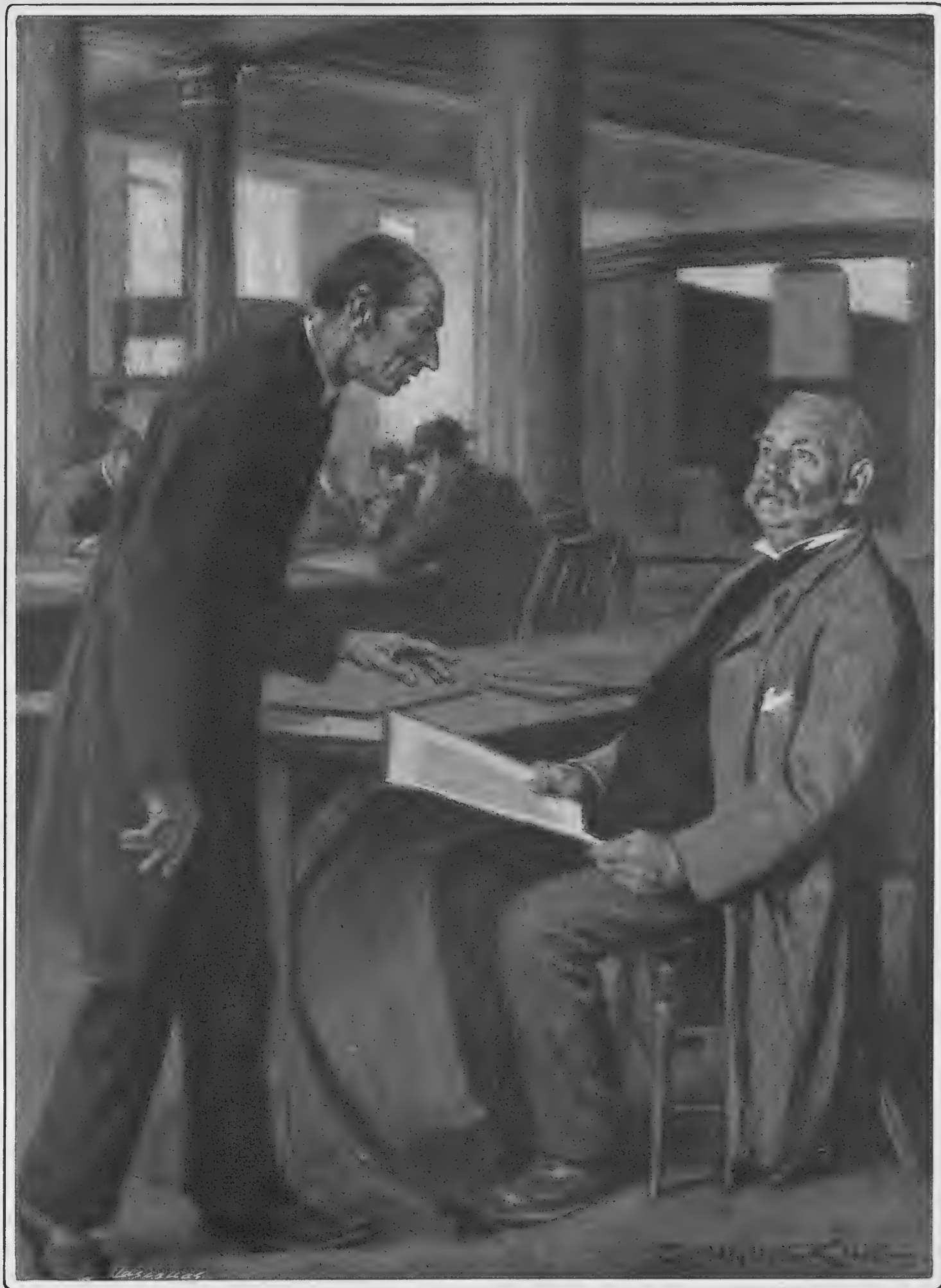
Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Wigmore Street, W.

SHAKSPERE ILLUSTRATED BY PHIL MAY.



"HEAVENS, HOW DEEPLY YOU AT ONCE DO TOUCH ME!"

—CYMBELINE, Act IV., Scene 3.



SCENE: A READING-ROOM.

SHORT-SIGHTED PARSON: Will you soon have finished with the *World*, Sir?
STOUT PARTY (reading "*The Sketch*"): Lord, no! Don't talk shop.

DRAWN BY GUNNING KING.

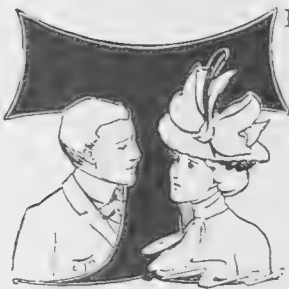
A NOVEL

IN

A NUTSHELL.

A GOOD TALE NEEDS NO
HOLLY BUSH.

By HAROLD BEGBIE.



HERE was nothing foolhardy about Mr. Timothy Pettle. He was a man who took any number of precautions, never a single risk. He preferred two and a-half per cent. in Government Stock to any of the more enticing investments extolled and commended by his friends. He was vaccinated every seven years. He wore woollen underclothes till twelve o' the clock on June the First, however grilling might be the thirty-one days of May. He masticated every fork-load of nutriment twenty-eight times, and never moistened his lips with liquid till the end of a meal. He was insured against death, accidents, fire, and burglars. There were hand-grenades on every corridor of his house, and patent burglar-alarms affixed to every window and shutter. His bedroom door was heavy with brass bolts, locks, and catches. A telephone connected his room with the servants' quarters. You will gather from all this that the worthy Timothy was a wise and prudent citizen—not, perhaps, the ideal leader of a forlorn hope or the dogged defender of a hot corner, but a simple, peace-loving individual with a singularly wise head for making provision against the remotest contingencies.

In appearance Mr. Pettle was eminently peaceable. He was but an inch or two over five feet, he had a little hump in his back, and the plump, rosy-tinted cheeks were adorned by a pair of limp, well-combed whiskers. He carried his eyebrows high in the forehead, and the little, watery, blue eyes peeped out of the shining red face with an expression that seemed to say, "Don't hit me; don't say anything unkind; don't push me. You're a most attractive-looking person, and you interest me quite profoundly!" It seemed as if he was for ever taking precautions to mollify a possibly hostile world.

It chanced that this little gentleman found himself deposited at his railway-station—some twenty miles from London—on a certain dark and whispering night, and, being slow in his movements, for he shuffled in his steps and avoided a pushing crowd, he arrived on the outside of the station last of all the arrivals, to find that the ultimate cab had whirled away and that a sleepy-eyed porter was already turning out the gas-lamp. There was no moon; a timorous wind stirred over the heath-covered common. It whispered midnight secrets, revived memories of dark deeds done upon deserted roads; it shivered with a sense of its own loneliness; it seemed to whimper like a child for the moon to set a candle in the dark heavens. Mr. Pettle trembled.

"Good-night, sir," muttered the sleepy porter, and tramped heavily away.

"Good-night, Barnes—good-night," answered Mr. Pettle, still standing at the exit. The words mocked him, and he trembled afresh.

He had only a mile to go, but it was a mile of darkness, with frowning pine-trees on either side and but a couple of houses at the very beginning of it. And, then, stories had long been prevalent of tramps who lay curled up in the deep ditches and extorted money from terrified women, particularly servants, as they passed through the darkness. There had been many complaints of late concerning these troublesome vagrants, and Mr. Pettle remembered them all with vivid distinctness as he stood shivering on the edge of the darkened common.

It was many minutes before he turned the collar of his ulster about his ears, pressed his soft felt hat tight upon his head, and, with his umbrella grasped tightly in his right hand, shuffled away from the station and set out to cross the common.

Never did mouse peep more timorously from the wainscot than Mr. Pettle peeped into that circumambient darkness. He walked in the middle of the road, to give the bushes a wide berth, and held his umbrella in what he guessed would be the best position for dealing a violent blow upon a possible marauder's skull. He considered whether he should strike or whether he should thrust, and then he remembered how a young cavalry subaltern had once told him that an umbrella should be poked straight into the face of a footpad, after the manner of a foil. He held the weapon in this fashion and shuffled on.



At the end of the common he took breath. The road lay before him, black as Erebus. The vast pines rose up on either side like ghostly giants, spreading out their huge arms so that they met above in a roof of inextricable blackness. Mr. Pettle felt the dew of a great terror moistening his brow. He took a forward step and then stopped. He remembered that bicycles sometimes whipped round the twists and curves in this winding road, and he shuffled on to the foot-path in stumbling haste. He was nearer the terrifying ditches, but he was, at least, safe from the cyclist. He mopped the dank forehead with his handkerchief, readjusted his hat, and shuffled pitifully into the deeper darkness.

The last house was now behind him, close-curtained, like the night; three-quarters of a black mile ahead stood his own little villa. It seemed a life's journey.

The tiny gentleman went forward. At first, he walked daringly, with an assumption of swagger, humming a tune, even swinging his protective umbrella. But it was impossible to sustain this rollicking character for long. His nerves gave way, and he reconsidered his dispositions. It struck him, happily, that a tramp would never attack one of his own kind, and so incontinently he set about acting the part of wandering vagabond. He concealed his umbrella betwixt his arm and his side, muttered and grumbled under his breath, and slouched on through the darkness, making as clumsy a noise on the path as his neat little boots would permit. But this also was a strain upon the nerves, and, after a hundred yards, Mr. Pettle pulled up, panting hard.

The wind was sighing in the pine-trees; the branches creaked, rubbing one against the other with monotonous discord. There was a perpetual rustle in the bushes shrouding the ditch.

"At this hour," said Timothy to himself, standing there, a little, pathetic figure under the giant pines, "all such wandering creatures as tramps must surely be asleep. Of course they must! A wandering life is very tiring. Probably they are sound sleepers. Happy thought! I will steal along on tiptoe and then I shan't run any risk of waking them!"

So our little gentleman got upon the edge of grass that separated the foot-path from the ditch and began to pick his way through the night, tiptoe. His heart was beating riotously in his body, his brow was streaming with the dews of tense anxiety; but he went cleverly forward, making scarce a sound on the whispering silence.

You can picture the scene. A deserted road cut through a Surrey pine-forest, with a high hedge and deep ditch on either side of it, and a little old gentleman in squash-hat and ulster stealing tiptoe along a border of grass, with his eyes starting from their sockets, his umbrella held ready to attack and defend.

A rat scampering through charred autumn leaves brought our hero to an abrupt standstill. The hoot of a distant owl sent extreme terror racing through his veins. The threatening shape of a bush caused his knees to knock. His mouth was as dry as a new sponge; his heart was thumping panic against his ribs. But, in spite of his terrors and in spite of these affrighting interruptions, Timothy Pettle continued his painful progress, going steadily if slowly tiptoe through the darkness and loneliness of the night.

But real and overmastering terror was yet to be his portion.

Of a sudden—Heavens, will he ever forget the agony of the discovery!—there rose up ahead of him, dark and unmistakable, the threatening figure of a man, standing silent and immovable in the shadow of the hedge, waiting for him!

Timothy stopped dead. His heart pumped furiously. His tongue clove to the roof of his mouth. He tried to speak, to express mercy and generosity if the footpad would permit him to pass unharmed; but his tongue was stuck as tightly to the palate as a stamp to a post-card. Terror was choking him with cold fingers. His agonised brain, seeking comfort in wildest hypotheses, suggested to him that the looming figure had not seen him, had not heard his silent approach.

How still, how immovable it stood there!

If he could only back quietly without arousing the figure's attention, even now the danger might be averted. Or, could he not make a silent passage to the opposite side of the road and slink by unnoticed? Ah, no! that was too brave, too daring. He would back. He would



AN INTERESTING CASE.

DRAWN BY LEONARD LINSDELL.

go slowly and carefully backwards, and, if necessary, pass the night in the ditch. Accordingly, he crept slowly and carefully backwards; but, horror! ere he had gone a pace or two the figure moved as well—came after him, with unmistakable intent. For a moment, Mr. Pettie stood irresolute, his knees rattling, his teeth chattering, a freezing sensation in his back; then, turning, he ran for his life. The figure became a pursuer!

Mr. Pettie could hear the heavy feet approaching, could even hear the laboured breathing. Imagine the poor gentleman's terror! The best of us, the bravest of us, had surely known terror at that moment. Timothy certainly did. He gave himself up for lost; began to count the seconds before a bludgeon would descend crushingly upon his skull; began to think how it would actually feel.

The pursuer was now treading on his heels. Timothy knew that only a second separated him from his last hour. In the extremity of his anguish, inspiration leapt into his brain. As the pursuer panted behind, Timothy swerved suddenly into the ditch, and, even as he fell sprawling among the bushes, he had the relief of knowing that the footpad had shot ahead, stumbled, and fallen. He seized the opportunity to crawl along the ditch, scratching his face and hands as he went, till he reached a holly-bush on the bank, under whose protecting prickles he managed to squeeze himself painfully and with extreme caution.

But the pursuer was now in a ferocious mood; the fall had maddened him far more than the elusiveness of his prey. He came plunging among the bushes, beating them with his cudgel and kicking at them with his heavy boots. Timothy, under the holly-bush, thought of Bill Sikes. His brain throbbed through the whole terrible scene of Nancy's murder. He would be kicked and beaten to death!

Presently the pursuer paused—Timothy could hear his hot breathing—and then, of a sudden, there leapt upon the heavy blackness a blinding O of light. The pursuer was no footpad—he was a burglar armed cap-à-pie, and this was his dark-lantern! The sweeping line of light caused bushes, brambles, trees, and earth to leap out of the darkness, vivid and yet ghost-like in the unnatural light. Alas! but it threw no illuminating ray backwards, so that our gasping hero was as much as ever in the dark concerning his bloodthirsty antagonist. It shot forward, white and awful, dancing here and there, flashing to right and left, never still for a moment—a pitiless revealer of hidden things.

Timothy suffered the tortures of Tophet watching that advancing light sweeping swiftly and inevitably towards the shadowing holly-bush. He panted like a hunted fox with the legs going from under it. He gave up all for lost. But the agony of waiting for death was too much for him. He determined to escape from the light, to run deeper into the darkness; he would not be a stationary target for that terrible beam of light. So, ere the lantern was turned upon the holly-bush, he crawled out on the further side, got into the ditch, and ran for his life.

Joy! Joy unspeakable! There was a curse from the pursuer, and, turning his head over his shoulder as he ran along the ditch, our hero had the all-unutterable happiness of seeing the lantern casting mad spasmodic light upon the ground, then going out into the darkness—whereby he knew that the pursuer had flung himself upon the holly-bush, rolled over, and was now struggling in the darkness with a smoking lantern under his nose.

Mr. Timothy Pettie ran with renewed vigour. He charged boldly through the light, swinging branches of attenuated brambles, thrust his shoulders past sturdy bushes, and all the time kept his feet in a manner perfectly astonishing to himself in after-moments of reflection. On, on, and on! Never, I ween, had the ditch reverberated with the pattering of swifter feet. He leapt, he jumped, he bounded forward, and as he went he grew more and more convinced that victory was his, that the burglar had fallen into the holly-bush, and stuck there!

Whatever had happened, Mr. Pettie took the twist in the road that brought the welcome light of home to his eyes with the *clan* of a Derby winner coming round the famous Corner. And, as he drew nearer, he thrust his hand into his trouser-pocket, pulled out his latch-key, and, darting through the open drive-gate, doubled up to the door and let himself swiftly into the house.

Then he sank upon his knees and fainted.

On the following morning, feeling far from well and considerably irritable, Mr. Timothy Pettie digested a simple breakfast, donned overcoat and hat, and went forth to complain at the police-station of his recent's adventure.

"Really, Superintendent," said he, "it's too bad, it really is! I was attacked last night half-way between my house and the station—"

"You was, sir!" exclaimed the Superintendent, opening a book and dipping pen into inkpot.

"I was, indeed! Most brutally and most persistently attacked."

"What time, sir?"

"I arrived by the last train," answered Mr. Pettie, "and I was walking quite quietly and peaceably homewards, when—"

"This wants looking into," answered the Superintendent, with an air of mystery. He dipped the pen once more into the inkpot, examined the glistening blob attaching to it with puzzled, serious gaze, and added, "I had another complaint last night, sir; same time, same place." He laid down the pen and got off his stool. "I won't keep you a minute, Mr. Pettie," said he, and went to an inner door. "Parsons!" he cried. "Parsons! Just step in here a minute."

He came back into the room and was quickly followed by a stalwart young constable whose face was scratched and torn in a very ugly fashion. The young constable, catching sight of Mr. Timothy Pettie's lacerated face, started, coloured under his tan, and then turned his eyes to the Superintendent.

"Just tell this gentleman," said the Superintendent, "what you told me this morning."

"I was on dooty last night, sir," quoth the constable, "on the Leybridge Road, between the hours o' eleven and one. About a quarter to twelve, I see a man stealing along very suspicious in the shadders, and I got my truncheon out and waited for him. He was comin' very quiet, walking as near the ditch as he could go, and seemed to have socks over his boots, he came so soft." The constable paused to take breath. "Presently he sees me and thinks better of it; he stops dead, and I see him begin to go backwards. I took a step towards him. He turned and ran. I ran after him. I caught him—"

"Caught him!" quoth Mr. Pettie.

"Yes, sir—by the collar of his coat. But, just as I was pulling of him towards me, another man jumped up and made a grab at me, and, while I was dealing with the two o' 'em, a woman springs out o' the wood and comes to their assistance. I got clawed by the woman—as you see by my face—and, finally, the men give me a knock on the head which rolls me over; and when I come to they'd got clean off."

As he paused, the Superintendent turned to Timothy.

"Tell us your story, Mr. Pettie," said he. "Judging by your face, sir, you seem to have fallen into the same hands."

"Oh dear, no!" answered our veracious hero. "I got these scratches from a holly-bush. But"—he turned to Parsons—"had one of your attackers a dark lantern?"

"I didn't see one," answered Parsons, growing gradually redder.

"The man who attempted my life *had*!" answered the excited Pettie. "He was a big man, and he had a lantern, and, if he hadn't fallen into a holly-bush as he ran after me, I'm convinced he would have had my life—convinced of it! He was standing in the shadows as I walked up the road, and, when I saw him, I stopped, you know; and then he came after me."

"Where about was this, Mr. Pettie?" demanded the Superintendent. Timothy described the place.

"Why, Parsons, that's exactly the same spot as your affair!"

Parsons nodded a very unhappy head.

"What time, sir?"

Timothy gave the exact time.

"Why, Parsons, that was the very identical time of yours!"

"Mine must have been earlier," stammered Parsons, "and these men must have attacked the gentleman after they'd gone for me."

"But you was certain of the hour because of the last train!" objected the Superintendent. Then he looked steadily at Parsons. "It appears to me," said he, slowly, "that you must have been chasing this gentleman in mistake for a burglar, and that, when you didn't catch him, and fell instead into an uncommon prickly holly-bush, you must have dreamed all the rest—about the other man and the woman, and that little knock on the head. I've known young policemen dream such things when their thoughts have been running unduly on promotion. It's funny their dreams almost allus take the same shape—great odds, a gallant fight, and a blow from the back, which bump on the head subsides wunnerful quick in the night-air, leaving no mark for the Inspector to put a bit o' plaster on in the morning. I've heard hundreds of such dreams—hundreds. And, not to disappoint you of your hopes, Parsons, let me tell you that I wasn't thinking of recommending you for promotion on account of your gallantry: I was thinking of reporting you for having been drunk on dooty. That was the conclusion I came to this morning when you first told me your very exciting and interesting adventure. But now, you see, this gentleman here has saved your bacon. I've come to the conclusion that you wasn't drunk last night, but that you was lying this morning; and, out of consideration for your not 'aving got me out of bed last night to hear such a cock-and-bull story, but keeping it so kindly till the morning, I think I shall look over the two great scoundrels you nearly caught, the vindictive female what scratched your face, and the picturesque knock on the back o' your head!"

"What I said, sir," answered Parsons, pouting like a corrected boy, "was true, true as—"

"Would you like to fight it out in a nice little official inquiry?" demanded the Superintendent, pleasantly.

"No, sir; I don't want no fuss made about it; I'm willing to go by you. But what I say—"

"The best thing you can say, Parsons," answered the Superintendent, "is a prayer of thanksgiving that, in your zeal for your dooty, you didn't give a highly respectable inhabitant of the district a fatal knock on the head with that truncheon o' yours. If it hadn't been for that holly-bush into which Mr. Pettie saw you go head-over-heels, blood would have been shed, as sure as eggs is eggs and young policemen is idiots. You ought to take care o' that tree, Parsons. You ought to water it, and prune it, and keep it well manured. Never let it wither or decay. It was a very good friend to you last night, even if it did scratch your face. Yes, young fellow, yes; it may be that that little, 'umble bush saved you from swinging—and don't forget it!"

As for Timothy Pettie, he listened with increasing wonderment and with a deepening sense of relief. He administered a sharp reproof to Parsons, bestowed five shillings upon him, and, slipping a half-sovereign into the Inspector's hand when the constable had departed, made his adieu and shuffled out into the street.

To this day, Timothy Pettie—now grey-headed and very bowed—never passes the holly-bush on the Leybridge Road without offering up a prayer of gratitude for his escape from a violent death; and when he comes back from London by the last train he invariably telegraphs for a cab to meet him at the station.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



THE next new play of any importance will be Mr. G. P. Hawtrey's dramatic comedy, "Lord of His House," to be produced at the Comedy to-morrow (Thursday) evening, with the author, Miss Nina Boucicault, Miss Mab Paul, Mrs. Charles Calvert, and Messrs. R. C. Herz, Edward O'Neill, Gayer Mackay, J. A. Cave, Charles Goodhart, and F. Kerr in the principal parts.

Mr. George Hawtrey informs me that he will himself appear in the curtain-raiser, which will be Mr. Gayer Mackay's comedietta, "Just a Man's Fancy."

Some time ago, Messrs. Frederick Harrison and Cyril Maude asked me to state that their next production at the Haymarket after "Caste" would be either their long-arranged - for new comedy by Captain Marshall or their more recently commissioned new comedy by Mr. Pinero. Now, however, I find that they have decided to follow "Caste," on or about July 8, with a new version of Scribe and Legouv  s "La Bataille des Dames." The said new version is being



MISS LOUIE POUNDS (OF THE SAVOY)
STEERING HER LAUNCH IN MOLESEY REACH.

prepared by Captain Marshall. The gallant Captain may be safely trusted to furnish forth an excellent adaptation. This task, however, is undoubtedly a high trial, seeing that two such excellent dramatists as the late Charles Reade and the late T. W. Robertson each prepared a capital version.

With regard to Mr. Pinero, it is, I fancy, not generally known that that most leading of our dramatists (who recently celebrated the forty-seventh anniversary of his birth) is about to embark for New York City, in order to produce there his great, if somewhat grim, drama, "Iris." Mr. Pinero is sure of a fine welcome in America, where his work has always been much appreciated.

"The Queen of the Roses" is the pretty title of a new eighteenth-century comedy written by Mr. Alfred C. Calmour for production by Mr. Ben Greet at Wyndham's Theatre next Friday afternoon. The hero will be enacted by Mr. Robert Lorraine, the heroine by Miss Grace Lane. The other principal parts are allotted to Mrs. E. H. Brooke, Misses Beryl Faber, Mary Mackenzie, Henrietta Cowen, and Messrs. J. D. Beveridge, Acton Bond, A. Wood, Julius Knight, Compton Courtts, Arthur Vezin, and Hermann Vezin. "The Queen of the Roses" will, I am officially informed, be strongly reminiscent of the days of those two old cronies, Dr. Johnson and Oliver Goldsmith.

A few nights ago, there was quite a quaint performance of a new play at St. George's Hall. The performance in question was given by the members of the Architectural Association, the juvenile members of which annually vouchsafe to their sisters, their cousins, and their aunts—to say nothing of their wives and their wives-elect—a new play wherein they take care to satirise their Architecturally Associating pastors and masters. The "A.A.'s" yearly play this time had again been respectively written and composed for their fellow "A.A.'s" by Messrs. Gervaise Bailey and Leonard Butler, and was entitled "Arctia; or, A Legend of the Far North." Even more than is usually the case did the wicked young players satirise those in authority above them, their principal vehicle for satire being a character called the Chief Architect of Arctia, who was made quite the heaviest of heavy villains. Among the best of the Architectural actors were Messrs. G. B. Carvell, A. W. Bentham, George Preston, Dalton Baker, and F. Dare Clapham.

Tidings are to hand for *Sketch* use concerning several new musical plays. The first is one written by Mr. G. H. Jessop, composed by Mr. Sidney Jones, and entitled "My Lady Molly." This comic opera, the period of which is the eighteenth century, is due at Brighton on Aug. 11, when it starts a tour of several months' duration.

Another musical play due for production in the late summer or early autumn is one called "The Hotel Honeymoon." The music of this is by another Jones, namely, Edward (who is musical director of the Duke of York's), and the "book" is by Mr. Mel B. Spurr, so long the chief carolling-comedian for Messrs. Maskelyne and Cooke at the Egyptian Hall.

A third musical mixture of the merry sort is one called "A Matrimonial Agency." This has also a clever librettist, Mr. Jay Hickory Wood, to wit, and one of the best and brightest of composers, namely, Mr. John Crook, so long musical conductor at the Avenue, the Adelphi, Drury Lane, &c., and lately (until his recent return) musical conductor at the chief Melbourne and Sydney theatres.

One of Miss Olga Nethersole's latest arrangements (in addition to her securing the new Sir Lewis Morris poetic drama mentioned by me last week) is to produce a new drama, written by herself and Mrs. Atherton, and entitled, at present, "A Daughter of the Vine," Miss Nethersole will, I gather, anon fulfil an engagement at Madame Sarah Bernhardt's Paris theatre.

Although some sort of imitation of the *Revue* so popular in Paris has been seen in London on one or two occasions, the first real imitation of the real article to be presented in these islands will be given at the Tivoli Theatre of Varieties next Monday, the 16th inst. This *Revue* will contain not merely imitations of plays and players—as was the case with previous London-made *Revue*s—but will also depict all sorts of political and topical affairs. For example, there will be air-ships and other extraordinary conveyances bearing mimic Kitcheners, Robertses, and other notable warriors, to say nothing of certain famous theatrical managers and actors. As to the special mock-tragic impersonations in this *Revue*, look to find Mr. George Robey as Irving as Mephistopheles, &c., Miss Marie Lloyd as Miss Cecilia Loftus as Marguerite, and Little Tich as Jean de Reszke as Faust.

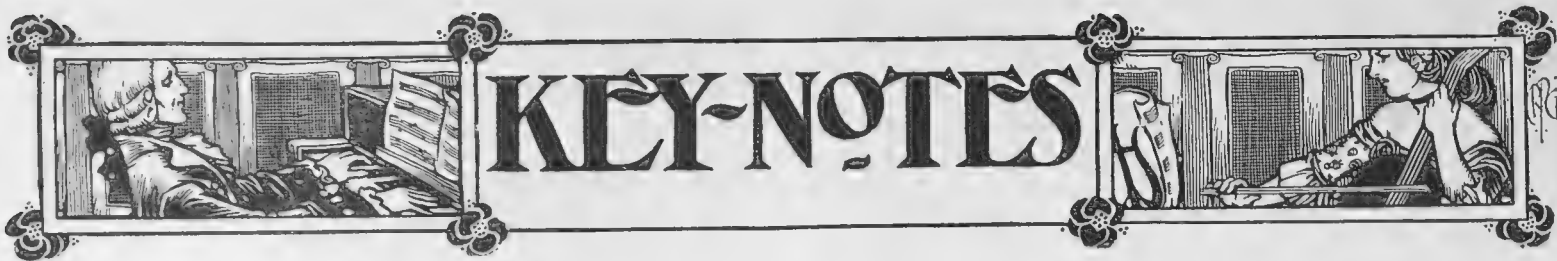
Mr. and Mrs. Bouchier have been playing
"THE NINTH WALTZ,"

by R. C. Carton, as an after-piece at the Garrick during the latter part of the run of "Pilkerton's Peerage." This is just the sort of little play that is so useful to theatrical "stars" for charity matin  es and affairs of that kind.



MR. AND MRS. ARTHUR BOURCHIER IN "THE NINTH WALTZ."

Photograph by George Garel-Charles, Acacia Road, N.W.



MESSRS. NOVELLO AND CO. have just published Sir Arthur Sullivan's setting of the "Te Deum," which, as Sir George Martin reminds one in a few introductory lines, "was written by request with a view to its performance at the Thanksgiving Service to be held in St. Paul's Cathedral at the close of the War in South Africa." It was Sir Arthur's last finished work, and is distinguished by the singular vitality and the emotional vivacity which inspired all his best work when he was profoundly moved. A great feature of the composition is the introduction, most ingeniously worked out, of his enormously popular hymn, "Onward, Christian Soldiers." The words, of course, are never insinuated into the composition, but in an elaborate fugal development the melody is used as a ground-work accompaniment. This was a form of musical ingenuity in which Sullivan much delighted, and of which Wagner in the Overture to "Die Meistersinger" proved himself to be the supremest master. In Sullivan's "Victoria and Merrie England," the ballet which, it will be remembered, was produced at the Alhambra, Sullivan accomplished the same effect by a combination of various national tunes together with well-known extracts from work of his own. Anyway, the performance of the "Te Deum" in the Cathedral which contains all that is mortal of the dead composer will be looked forward to with considerable and deep interest.

The Duchess of Sutherland's concert in aid of the Potteries Cripples' Guild will take place to-morrow at Stafford House. The names of the artists who have given their services are alone proof of the excellent artistic assistance which has been devoted to this charity, which is under the immediate patronage of the Queen. Madame Sarah Bernhardt and Madame Melba are among the names of those who have engaged themselves to appear, a list which includes Miss Mary Moore, Mr. Charles Wyndham, Mr. Ben Davies, Miss Ada Crossley, Mr. Johannes Wolff, and others. The accompanist is Mr. Henry Bird, and the musical arrangements are under the direction of Mr. Hermann Löhr.

The Queen's Hall has within the past week been the seat of a most artistic combination, where Herr Ernst von Possart and Herr Richard Strauss have made a very definite London success. Herr Strauss, of course, has a sufficiently wide reputation all Europe over as a musical genius of amazing accomplishment. Von Possart, on the other hand, has, as an actor and an organiser, a definite repute, which is, however, more or less confined to South Germany. He has done wisely to "bring his sheaves" with him to England, here to win a recognition of a more extended kind. At his first recital he recited

Byron's "Manfred," while, under Strauss, the Queen's Hall Orchestra and the Queen's Hall Choral Society interpreted Schumann's noble incidental music written around Byron's work. It is clear that von Possart has no particular sympathy with the pallid school which rejects Byron as "impossible." The depth of the reciter's emotion, the fiery sincerity of his expression, provoked the soundest sentiment of admiration. In certain of the great apostrophes, such as the addresses to Astarte and to the Sun, he was quite electrical in the sweep and onrush of his passionate declamation. The music was

understood, is no relation of the Richard discussed in the previous paragraph. Herr Johann is, in fact, the grand-nephew of the musician who wrote the "Blue Danube" and who earned for himself the style and title of "The Waltz King." The present representative of the family conducted his band in the playing of a good deal of brilliant light music with much energy and with excellent results. If Wordsworth's capital phrase, "there were forty feeding like one," can be respectfully applied to a combination of intelligent human beings, then we may do it with a complete sense of awarding genuine praise in this connection. If one cannot set this particular branch of work upon a pedestal of the highest art, one can, at any rate, praise Herr Strauss for the excellent fruits which are the outcome of obviously indefatigable labour.



MISS ALICE ELIESON.

Photograph by H. Walter Barnett, Hyde Park Corner.

The Opera at Covent Garden has been running its accustomed course merrily and successfully. We have had "Die Meistersinger," with Herr Kraus as Walther, Van Rooy as Hans Sachs, and Suzanne Adams as Eva, Mr. David Bispham repeating an old triumph in his interpretation of Beckmesser. The cast, it will be seen, was, on the whole, an excellent one; Van Rooy's Sachs was particularly fine. There is something exceedingly grand and noble about all this artist's dramatic conceptions; but, splendid though undoubtedly his Wotan is, his Hans Sachs assuredly touches the high-water mark of his artistry. Herr Reiss's David was in every respect excellent, and in the small but amusing part of Magdalene Madame Metzger was altogether admirable.

A new-comer has joined the ranks recruited by the Royal Opera Syndicate, in the person of Mdlle. Regina Pacini, who has made her appearance in the title-rôle of Donizetti's "Lucia di Lammermoor." The opera, of course, is excessively absurd, with its ridiculous Italian mimicry of Scotch feeling, and even of Scotch costume. The thing has held the boards partly by reason of its undoubted tunefulness and partly by reason of the opportunity which it certainly gives to the soprano. Mdlle. Pacini was an undoubted success; she has a brilliant voice and uses it brilliantly. Melba has spoilt most of us for any other interpretation of the part of Lucia than hers, but it is much to say that the new singer achieved a very certain success within her own limits, though one is not by any means disposed to damn those limits with faint praise. It may be added that Signor Caruso, as Edgardo, was extremely good, and that Signor Scotti, in the miserably abject part of Enrico, seemed to work with what may almost be described as bustling enthusiasm.

COMMON CHORD.

MISS ALICE ELIESON.

Miss Alice Elieson, who gives her first recital at Bechstein Hall this afternoon, has recently been added to the teaching staff of the Royal College of Music. She is a skilled violoncellist, and is said, also, to be a charming singer. One of the features of her programme to-day will be the performance of the Richard Strauss' Cello Sonata.

A BELGIAN PAGANINI.

M. Ysaye is one of the most justly famed of the world's great violinists. He has been called—and who could wish for a higher compliment?—the Belgian Paganini, and he certainly possesses an extraordinary mastery over his instrument. It is pleasant to hear the violinist speak of his British friends and British patrons. England has become to him almost an adopted country, and each year sees him welcomed more and more warmly by his large circle of devotees, for the great master can so truly style those with whom his art brings him *en rapport*.



M. YSAYE, "THE BELGIAN PAGANINI."

Photograph by Dupont, New York.

extremely well rendered, and the minor parts were interpreted with agreeable sympathy by various well-known artists.

Meanwhile, another Strauss, Johann of that ilk, has been conducting his own Imperial Band at the Empire Theatre. This, let it be

THE MAN ON THE WHEEL.

The National Cyclists' Union—A New State of Things—A Coronation Cup for Cyclists—The Speed of Motors—Pace and Safety—The Origin of the Pneumatic Tyre.

Time to light up: Wednesday, June 11, 9.14; Thursday, 9.14; Friday, 9.15; Saturday, 9.15; Sunday, 9.16; Monday, 9.17; Tuesday, 9.17.

A year or two back, I took the liberty of passing some severe strictures on the National Cyclists' Union. Along with others, I thought it was paying too much attention to the professional element and too little to the ordinary amateur cyclist. Besides, the management was open to criticism. The finances were not what they might have been, and the scheme, generally derided as the "bob-a-nob" plan, of paying members a shilling for every new member they got to join, indicated that the "N.C.U." was an association which decent folk might well avoid. That was two years ago.

Anybody who has read this page for the last few years will not do me the injustice of saying I have ever refrained from being candid. Therefore, although in the past the "N.C.U." was deserving of severe criticism, the time has come when one can gladly pipe another tune. The Union has been setting its house in order, and there is every indication that it is about to embark on a field of considerable usefulness. Over eleven hundred cases has it fought in the interests of cyclists, and over one thousand of these has it won. The twenty-four centres throughout the country are doing a useful work in seeing to warning-boards on dangerous hills, re-painting milestones and finger-posts, keeping a strict eye on badly laid tramway rails, and memorialising authorities to stop excessive watering of streets and not to put too much granite-chippings on wood pavements. Besides this, the "N.C.U." has been getting concessions from railway companies and doing a mass of minor things, all of which are intended to benefit the wheelman.

The public is invariably a sure guide as to whether a thing is good or bad. When an association loses touch, down slumps the membership. Let, however, the association be alive and in earnest, and up soars the membership. The membership of the "N.C.U." has during the past year greatly increased. That is the best proof of all that the Union is really deserving recognition. I am all the more pleased to write this and to suggest that cyclists should join the Union because in other days, when I thought it necessary, I had some, rather hard things to say about that body.

Many cyclists will celebrate the Coronation by going down to the Crystal Palace on Saturday, July 5, to see the scratch race for a gold Coronation Cup. It is intended this should be competed for each year in a contest between teams drawn from the Army, Navy, the Militia, and Volunteers. At the same time, there will be other sports, but, naturally, wheelmen are most interested in the race for the golden trophy. On the same occasion there is to be a despatch-ride competition between cyclists and horsemen over a distance of five miles. The cyclist will be in full uniform and on an ordinary road-machine, and is to have a flying start. If the horseman gets within twenty yards of the cyclist at any time, he is to be considered winner. The horseman will be allowed two horses. Then there is to be a cycle mêlée of six a-side with single-sticks. This, I fancy, will be much more entertaining to the spectators than to the competitors. Besides, I do not quite see the advantage of men on cycles whacking at one another with sticks as they ride by.

The other day, I was in the House of Commons when there was a discussion on the speed of motor-cars and the fines imposed by magistrates on automobilists for excessive speed. On this matter, I think, both sides—those who are keen motorists and those who may be called anti-motorists—are not quite candid. Usually, when a man is charged by a policeman with driving over twenty miles an hour, the defence set up is that the policeman is no judge of pace, and that, as a matter of fact, the motor was travelling at less than the legal

maximum. Now, without referring to any particular case, one might say that is rubbish. All motors do travel beyond twelve miles an hour, and not one of us has ever gone motor-rides without breaking the law. It is not, therefore, quite honest for people who undoubtedly were travelling at twenty, twenty-five, or thirty miles to go into the witness-box and positively swear they were going below twelve. Nobody believes them, and they probably give their evidence with their tongue in their cheek. So far for the motorists who undoubtedly break the law. On the other side, however, it must be said the restriction of a motor to the absurd pace of only twelve miles ought to be abolished. I am no advocate of reckless driving; but everybody who knows anything about motoring knows motors are under the most complete control if the driver at all understands his business, that they can be pulled up within the shortest space of time, and that, really, a motor going at twenty-five miles an hour can be stopped much quicker than a horse that may be travelling at ten or twelve. Therefore, if motorists, when hauled up before the magistrate, instead of pleading they were not travelling beyond twelve miles an hour—which the magistrates do not believe, and show their disbelief by imposing a fine—were to admit they were travelling at twenty miles, and urge that the law as it at present stands is absurd, and that excessive speed can only mean a speed that is dangerous, which twenty miles is not, then I am sure the general feeling of the public would be towards a revision

of the law, instead of there being a feeling of antipathy, which undoubtedly exists at present, not only against motors, but against the men who drive them at thirty miles and ask sensible people to believe they are only going at ten.

The origin of things is always entertaining, and the story told by Mr. J. B. Dunlop, the inventor of the pneumatic tyre, of how the idea came to him is full of interest. He has recently been giving his recollections to an interviewer, and narrates the circumstances which led him to devise air-tyres. His eight-year-old son cut up the gravel-paths on wet days with his solid-tyred toy-tricycle wheels, and so he said, "One day, my boy, I will make you wheels that will be faster than any in town." "I was accustomed," Mr. Dunlop says, "to work with rubber, but there was no tubing to be had of the kind I wanted, so I got a sheet of rubber and some solution and made a tube for myself. The great secret of such work, which puncture-repairers even yet cannot always understand, is to get the rubber quite clean and to rub in the solution hard. I did both, and presently I had an air-tight tube round my wheel, with a bit of the tubing of a baby's feeding-bottle sticking out for a valve. But the pneumatic tyre was not yet complete. If I had pumped air into it in that condition, it would have blown out like a balloon till it burst. I appealed to my wife. Fortunately, she had exactly what I wanted. She got me a strip of an old dress of fine grey linen that had been fashionable in its day. A strip of this linen I pressed over the rubber tube and tacked it neatly and tightly to the wooden wheel. Then I pumped the air in with my boy's football-pump, folded and tied the end of the bit of feeding-bottle tubing, and so the first pneumatic tyre the world has ever seen was made and inflated."

I hope the various cyclists' rests that are now to be found within easy reach of our big cities will have a prosperous time during this season. Some of them are most pleasantly situated, and, after a warmish ride on a hot afternoon, few things are more delicious than to get into a hammock-chair under the trees of a garden, and there enjoy tea.

J. F. F.

TWO FAMOUS CYCLISTS.

Everybody, of course, knows "Teddy" Payne, the hero of "The Toreador," at the Gaiety, and most people are aware that he is an ardent cyclist as well as a famous bull-fighter. The photo presented herewith shows Mr. Payne starting Mr. G. A. Olley, of the Anerley Club, well known to racing cyclists as the "Vegetarian Crack." Mr. Olley recently covered some 31½ miles within the hour in a motor-paced race. This distance, however, though sufficiently surprising, cannot, of course, compare with Robl's record of 45 miles 166 yards or Linton's of 44 miles 950 yards, both recently made in Paris.



EDMUND PAYNE, OF THE GAIETY, AND G. A. OLLEY, HOLDER OF THE ONE-HOUR MOTOR-PACED AMATEUR RECORD.

Photograph by Campbell and Gray, Cheapside, E.C.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

RACING NOTES.

The Coronation Derby.

The Epsom Meeting was a huge success, despite the very questionable weather. I venture to think the crowd present on Derby Day was far and away a biggest on record. It certainly topped the one seen in Persimmon's year. Their Majesties the King and Queen drove up in a pair-horse brougham, and the reception they received was of the most sportsmanlike character. The crowd was not assertive but genuinely pleased. The Queen looked happy, as did His Majesty the King. The attendance in the Club Enclosure was representative of the nobility in all parts of the Empire, the Indian contingent being exceptionally strong, and it is pretty evident that the crowd at Ascot will be a sight to look upon. The race for the Derby requires very little description. Sceptre was a very hot favourite at the start, and Pekin and Ard Patrick were well backed. They all got off on good terms, and Csardas made strong running to Tattenham Corner, where Sceptre led, but she was immediately beaten, and Ard Patrick, going to the fore, won in a canter from Rising Glass, while Friar Tuck was a moderate third, and Sceptre fourth. Thus the Two Thousand form was badly upset. When the winter betting opened on the Derby, Ard Patrick was one of the very first horses backed, and, it is said, the public stuck to him. The stable followers threw in for a big stake, and many of the big plungers included him in their lots.

Mr. J. Gubbins, who owns Ard Patrick, also owned Galtee More, a winner of the Triple Crown. He has for years had a few good horses in training in Sam Darling's stable at Beckhampton. Mr. Gubbins at one time started a training establishment for jumpers in the neighbourhood of Lewes. This was under the management of Mr. G. W. Lushington, but the jumpers were not a big success. Sam Darling knows his business as a trainer. He prepared Cap and Bells II. for the Oaks last year, won the Ascot Stakes with Sinopi, captured the St. Leger with Wildfowler, prepared Galtee More for all his engagements, and has in his time led back the winners of most of the big events. Sam Darling's daughter is married to R. Marsh, the King's trainer. As I have many times before stated, the Wiltshire Downs are well suited for the training of classic winners. Darling finds the going good on the Beckhampton Downs the year round. A word of praise is due to J. H. Martin, the jockey, for the able manner in which he handled Ard Patrick in the Derby. Martin, like Sloan and many of the American jockeys, believes in waiting in front. Several of the old school of English dawdlers persevere in their waiting tactics and go on losing race after race. The days of the "strong pull" and "one long rein" are, I hope, numbered. A race should be a race from end to end.

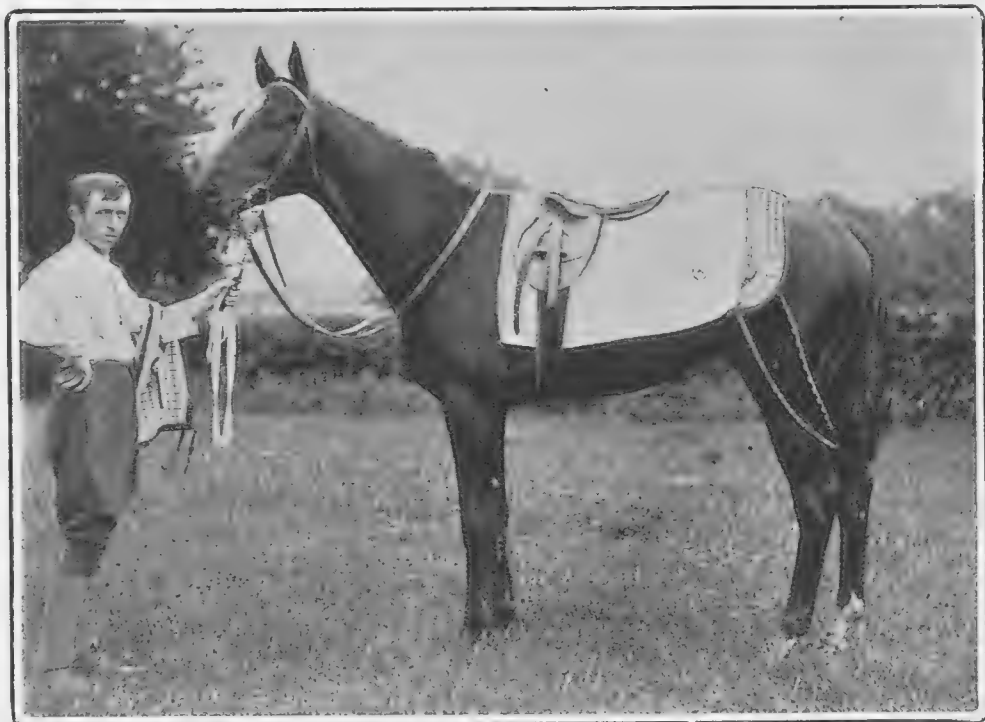
Racing News. It is wonderful how keen the followers of racing are in scenting out mistakes in the papers. A figure "3" printed for an "8"—a very common typographical error, by-the-bye—could be guaranteed on any day to bring in one hundred grumbles. A wrong second or third printed in a race would do the same. Often the mistakes come from the course, sometimes owing to the Judge mistaking the number, and oftener owing to the enterprise of the reporter, who sends off the placed horses before the numbers have gone up, only to find that his "third" has been done on the post by a short head. It is truly remarkable how few mistakes are made by the telegraph operators. They spell the horses' names correctly in nineteen cases out of every twenty; and this takes some doing, seeing the many freaks of nomenclature they have to contend against. The young ladies, too, who do the manifolding inside the "G.P.O." take the greatest care over their work. Their "copy" is what the compositors would term really good. It is an indisputable fact that females are far more reliable than men when copying

manuscript. They take the greatest possible pains in mastering names and figures. After an experience of a quarter of a century, I can truthfully say that it is not edifying to have to battle with columns of names and figures day after day, but the work is lightened when the "copy" is well written.

Ascot.

This year the Ascot Meeting takes place a fortnight after the Derby, which rather upsets the arrangements of owners and trainers. However, the meeting on the Royal Heath will be one to be long remembered, and I take it there will be record crowds on the Tuesday and Thursday to see the Royal Procession. The sport will be good on each of the four days of the meeting. I do not care to meddle with the two-year-old races, except to suggest that Marsh, John Porter, Gilbert, and Watson should capture with their juveniles. The Ascot Stakes will be a capital race. I think Brissac or Sweet Sounds will win. The Gold Cup should rest between Santoi and Volodyovski. For the Royal Hunt Cup I like Lavengro and Stealaway, but it is a race that no one should plunge over. So much depends on a good start, and, when a lightly weighted one gets away with a flying start, it is almost impossible to catch him. I should much like to see this race run across the Heath in sight of all the Stands. Osboch should win the Gold Vase and The Raft may win the Wokingham. The rhododendrons are now in full bloom and

the scent is lovely in and around Ascot at the present moment. The improvements to the course and Stands are on the verge of being completed, and I understand Major Clements is proud of his handiwork. I hope the refreshment contractors will moderate their charges this year, as it should be possible to get drinks at reasonable prices even at Ascot.



MR. J. GUBBINS'S ARD PATRICK, WINNER OF THE DERBY.

I am not sure English owners, or some of them, are correct, but they say it is necessary to well win a race in France if you want to get the verdict. I have heard of horses that, in the opinion of their English owners, won by a neck in France who were placed second by the Judges. Indeed, M. Cannon some years ago assured me that he had won a race in France by a good half-length, but the Judges said he had been beaten by a nose! In France the Stewards act as Judges, which is not a system to be recommended. We in England are content to leave the judging to business-men of great experience, such as Mr. Robinson, Mr. W. J. Ford, Mr. W. C. Manning, Mr. J. Pratt, and one or two others. These gentlemen seldom make mistakes, and their decisions are accepted in all good faith by winners and losers alike. The late Judge Clark was a fine Judge. He sometimes surprised the amateurs by some of his decisions, but he was always right. Many persons remember when a decision of Mr. Robinson's was questioned at an Epsom Meeting. The two horses involved met a week or two later at the same weights, and the result was a complete vindication of the Judge.

Delays.

I have been preaching against delays for years, and it was with pleasure that I noted an innovation at the Epsom Meeting, when the jockeys were drawn in a wagonette from the weighing-room to the Paddock. This is a step in the right direction, but I think a deal of time would be saved if the jockeys were made to get into the saddle earlier. Owners and trainers dawdle about, often waiting for betting changes and to find out the latest information. I think a proper official should be told off to see that the jockeys carry out their orders to mount at once. At most meetings, a mild request, "Now, gentlemen, mount, please," is given by a police officer who is not armed with the necessary power to punish defaulters. There is no end to the dangers attendant on delays on the course. When we consider that at big meetings the time of the return of, say, sixty specials is dependent on the finish of the race, it can easily be seen what confusion is caused on our railways when sport finishes an hour behind time.

CAPTAIN COE.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

NOTHING was wanted to complete the record of humidity that this summer has afforded us except the crowning downpour of "Derby Day." Even the classic snow-storm which is still remembered can hardly compete with the discomfort and dreariness of the famous Downs on June the Fourth as ever was. From a dressmaker's

ever-useful Batty and Co. Their turtle, mock-turtle, and clear soups generally are worthy to be placed before the most captious gourmet, while their preserved fruits give a flavour to the jam-sandwich of tea-time which is not obtainable from the ordinary confiture of custom. Other eatables worth remembering for the summer picnic season which is now approaching are the delicious biscuits and cakes manufactured by Gray, Dunn, and Co., of Glasgow.

The "Land o' Cakes" has no worthier upholders of its ancient reputation for the toothsome *gâteau*. Braemar Biscuits, Whole-meal Wafers, Butterscotch Biscuits, and other Caledonian delicacies are especially good when made by this popular firm. There are certain other tempting specialities of Gray, Dunn, and Co. which are worth knowing of when asking one's grocer to provide one with biscuits, amongst which may be specially named the Ginger Flake. The attractions of the luncheon- or tea-table may be pleasantly enhanced by the addition of these agreeable trifles, which are registered specialities of Gray, Dunn, and Co.

Returning to vanities, my girl friends who keep pace with the latest ideas in trifles from Paris inform me that the long string of barbaric beads has departed from the neck of fashion, and, the becoming and ever-popular row of pearls being now voted too familiar to our affections, the situation has been advanced in favour of single rows of frosted silver beads to be worn in the same way. I do not think, however, that this departure will commend itself to the universal fancy, for it is well proved that pearls are the most becoming of all neck-wear.

The ruffles of the moment have had a universal vogue, although the manner of their making is new, one more proof of how necessary



[Copyright.]

SUMMER COSTUME OF BLUE LINEN AND WHITE BRAID.

point of view, it may be described as a great occasion, and certainly the havoc wrought in chiffons must considerably increase the industries of England for the next few weeks. Gaily dressed coach-loads which set confidently forth in the early hours presented an appearance by lunch-time which can best be described as sodden, soaken, and sorrowful, while muttered growls from the men as a dripping umbrella prodded a cherished high-hat were frequent and heart-felt.

What our French and American and Colonial friends who at the moment overflow this Capital can think of that glorious permanent institution, the British climate, may be imagined. I heard a man in the Park, the other day, sarcastically remark to a fair neighbour that the English summer was one more example of the thoroughness with which everything is done in this tight little island. It now only remains for the Coronation Month to go on atmospherically as it has begun, and the June of 1902 will have left nothing undone to complete our climatic unspeakableness.

Talking of the Coronation, amongst those who are making financial hay market-gardeners may certainly be accounted. Never have fruit and vegetables been more disastrously dear than in the past week of Peace-making and parties. Prices paid for strawberries, asparagus, and other seasonable fruits of the earth have been simply absurd. While on the subject of eatables, I am constrained to remark on the excellencies of certain products prepared by Batty and Co., the well-known makers of pickles, sauces, and jams.

Some friends of mine who are negotiating a house-boat which they keep hospitably filled impressed me with the superlative quality of their soups, which I discovered on inquiry to be manufactures of the



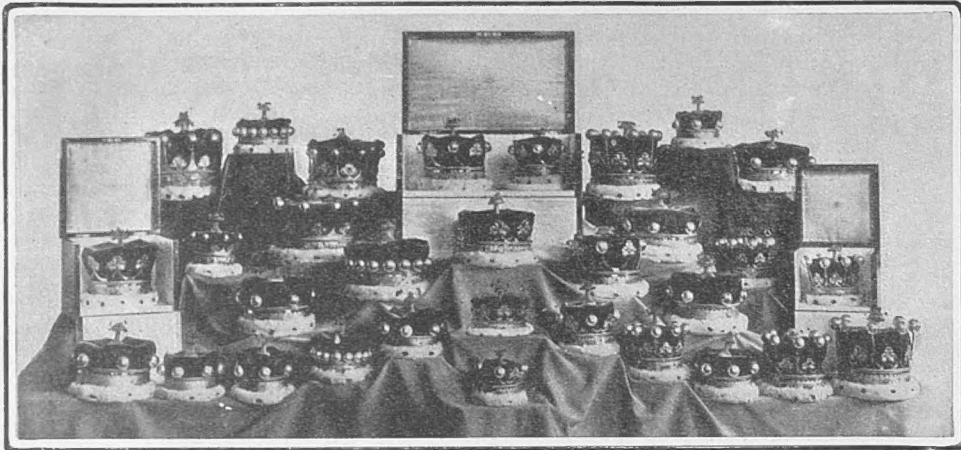
[Copyright.]

COSTUME IN GREY CLOTH WITH PIPINGS OF MAUVE VELVET.

it is found to surround our necks with a becoming fluffiness. Whole flowers of silk and chiffon are now used to adorn these feminine frills, and are newer than anything else. Pleated chiffon, gauze, or net is edged with entire flowers (not petals) of narcissus, lily, rose, or

what not, but preferably the flowers that lie flat, such as pervenche, narcissus, primrose, dog-rose, &c. In contrasting or toning colours the most charming effects are obtained by this device.

Two magnificent gowns worn at Friday's Court are worth mentioning because of their uncommon composition. A pale banana-hued satin with a cloth-of-gold train lined with the palest moss-green and ivory shot brocade was intensely gorgeous. Trails of velvet nasturtiums in every shade, from mahogany-colour to palest amber,



A GROUP OF CORONETS, INCLUDING EVERY DEGREE OF THE PEERAGE
Manufactured by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, Ltd., 112, Regent Street, London, W.

adorned the bodice and trailed down the sides of skirt, edging the Court-train as well. A contrast of delightful simplicity was the Presentation-dress of white chiffon and white floral embroidery worn by a much-admired debutante, Miss Sylvia Goodeve. Miss Elliot's gown of white satin, embroidered and decorated with trails of painted convolvuli, was also remarkably pretty.

As it is an obvious fact that our mistakes, instead of our virtues, are the circumstances by which we are remembered, so in a lesser degree it is the wrong note in dress or other things that ever strikes the loudest, and, amongst the moving panorama of beautiful toilettes on Friday night at Buckingham Palace, I heard more of the few particular failures than the *chefs d'œuvre*, amongst the former being a dress of grey and black brocade—always an unfortunate mixture, and one that seemed to attract the criticism and deprecating attention of several acquaintances who took part in the function.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. L. F.—If you are on economy bent, I should advise you to postpone the presentation and add the money your gown would cost to that laid by for the trousseau. You surely are aware that you will require to be presented again on your marriage. For your corsets, go to the "Samothrace" people, in Bond Street. They combine comfort with elegance to the last degree.

JULIETTE.—Peacock-blue and parrot-green is the fashionable combination of the moment, but it requires expert handling to look really well. Although black, to quote "Sapho," "is the uniform of the poor," it may equally be the luxury of the rich. All depends on the manner, "extensive or prescribed," of its doing. You should get Paquin, or Hiley, Jay's manager, to compose you a black gown and see how excellent it can be.

SYBIL.

HERR JAN KUBELIK.

TO have the musical world of two hemispheres at one's feet before one is two-and-twenty is calculated to turn the head of most men. It says much for Herr Kubelik that, in spite of the adulation which is lavished on him, he maintains undisturbed a simplicity of demeanour and an unaffectedness of manner which, in such a case, furnish the strongest evidence of genius. That much-abused word, indeed, is peculiarly applicable to him who, by the extraordinary execution which he displays on his instrument, has come to be regarded as the modern Paganini. Everybody stared at the coming of Paderewski and the wonderful virtuosity of so young a man. Kubelik, however, has the advantage over him by probably ten years, and together they stand forth as the two most conspicuous men in the musical world of to-day. It is, therefore, not a little curious to find that they have both been exploited by Mr. Hugo Görlitz, one of the most courteous as well as one of the most successful and enterprising impresarios of the world. It is he, by the way, who introduced Duse to London, as he has introduced Richard Strauss and the great German tragedian, Possart.

In Kubelik's vogue two facts stand out. He was the last artist who was commanded to play for Queen Victoria at Windsor before she died, and he was the first artist commanded to play before the King, not only at Windsor, but at Marlborough House as well, for His Majesty was so taken with the young Bohemian's performance that he desired to hear him again, a desire which the Queen was no less anxious to have gratified.

Five concerts have, so far, been arranged for this Season, but it is rare for a day to go by without the violinist having to appear at some private house, and rumour credits him with receiving a fee which runs into hundreds of guineas. In order to keep himself in condition to

fulfil these engagements, he lives the simplest possible life. Seven o'clock, or even earlier, sees him up, dressed, and, violin in hand, at practice for an hour or two before breakfast. Then he goes for a stroll through the Park, as a preparation for rehearsing with his orchestra. It numbers fifty-five players and is conducted by Mr. Nedbal, a musician who has often been heard in London before, for he played the viola in the famous Bohemian Quartet. They meet daily, in order that Mr. Nedbal may study the programme with

Herr Kubelik and thus be the better able to instruct the members of the orchestra in the Maestro's desires. The accompanist, who also naturally works with the violinist every day, is Herr Ludwig Schwab, at one time a fellow-student of the violin with Herr Kubelik and now a player of the first violin on the second desk in the orchestra. Their work over, luncheon is served, and then Herr Kubelik either goes off to play somewhere or visit his friends, and his circle has increased greatly since his American tour, for a large number of the people he met on the other side are now over here.

Last Sunday week, when peace was announced, Kubelik was paying a visit at a house of an American resident in London who is famous in the artistic world. A letter was sent over from one of the Military Clubs with the glad tidings, and it was felt that nothing short of singing the National Anthem would satisfy the feelings of those present. "What a pity I have not brought my violin!" said Herr Kubelik, turning to Mr. Görlitz, when he heard the news. "I might have accompanied 'God Save the King.' Never mind; when we go home I'll play 'God Save the King.'" And he did.

The violin which he invariably uses is a Stradivarius, a present to him from Mrs. Walter Palmer last year. It is a magnificent instrument and cost a thousand guineas. The bow which he uses is a Tourte. It belonged to the famous violinist, Ernst, and was given to him by the widow of that artist.

A little while ago he had a baby model made of the "Strad," in order to give it to a friend. It is a beautiful piece of work, and the case is exceedingly handsome, inlaid as it is with gold. When it came home, however, it so delighted Herr Kubelik's artistic soul that he changed his mind about giving it away. He resolved to keep "my baby Strad," as he calls it, for himself, but another one will take its place as an offering to his friend.

Those who believe that we are an unemotional people would be quickly undeceived were they to attend one of Herr Kubelik's recitals. At the Crystal Palace, the other day, when he left the hall, several hundreds of those who had been at the concert followed him in a long procession to the train. They all tried to get close to him. Those that could not shake hands patted him on the back, took hold of his coat, even tore the flowers he carried out of his hands, in order to get near the object of their inconvenient adoration.

THE VICTORIA GOLD CUP.

The Victoria Gold Cup, to be run for at Hurst Park on June 28, is in the form of a loving-cup with two handles and cover. The body has two finely modelled medallions of their Majesties the King and Queen, these having round them embossed wreaths of palm and laurel, emblems of Peace and Fame. The cup rests on a rosewood plinth, with decorations of scroll-work and laurel-leaves inlaid with ivory. This artistic trophy is of eighteen-carat gold, weighs ninety-five ounces, and has been carried out by Mr. Frank Hyams, of 167, New Bond Street, London, W.



THE VICTORIA GOLD CUP.

In connection with the Great Eastern Railway's Direct Service to Hamburg, *via* Harwich, the General Steam Navigation Company's fast passenger-steamers *Peregrine* and *Osprey* sail every Wednesday and Saturday. Passengers leave Liverpool Street Station by Continental Express at 8.40 p.m. Full particulars may be obtained of the G.S.N. Co., 57, Great Tower Street, E.C., or the Continental Manager, Liverpool Street Station, London, E.C.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on June 21.

THE PEACE RESULTS.

AT last the War in South Africa is over, and instead of a boom we have had a slump. Some weeks ago, we pointed out that there was a large number of call options in existence, and that the holders of these would, by rushing in to realise, prevent any considerable rise in prices; and when, in addition to the option



THE KLEINFONTEIN GOLD-MINE, WRECKED BY THE BOERS: VIEW OF BATTERY BOXES.

holders, every little jobber in the House appears to have loaded himself up with shares, and was anxious to dispose of the same upon the earliest opportunity, the weakness in all markets which has been apparent since the bells were set ringing in honour of Peace is not by any means inexplicable.

On Monday morning the big houses were prepared to support the markets, but in an hour or so the futility of such a course became so self-evident that they stood down and let the sellers take whatever price they could get. Whether the liquidation of the orders for sale "on the declaration of Peace" has yet been completed is by no means clear, but, we fancy, the worst is over. There is certainly only one thing to do in the case of Kaffir shares, and that is to sit tight for the moment and wait events. That there will be a smart reaction within a reasonable time we have no doubt. On the very best authority, we hear that Steyn Estates are one of the best things in the South African Market to buy at anything below five, and we have considerable confidence in recommending the tip to the notice of our readers.

THE COLONIAL AND FOREIGN MARKETS.

Quite a feature of the last few months has been the steady outpouring of 3 per cent. loans by the Colonies and by the Corporations of the United Kingdom. Although at first the public was coy and its appetite declined to be tickled with 3 per cent. trustee stocks at anything over 94, the course of weeks has brought about a wonderful difference, and, for some reason or other, the investor is readily taking to-day at higher prices stocks which he would have scorned to look at during the winter, when they were cheaper. Peace prospects had much to do with the better market for Colonial stocks during May, and, now that a number of the securities have lately been quoted ex-dividend, the list again affords attractive selections. Those who bought when we were urging the purchase of Colonials a few weeks ago and giving a list of the cheapest in the market, have had anything but cause to rue their investments, which, of course, they need be in no hurry to sell, because the chances are that the profit will be still further augmented.

The curious position of the Money Market is responsible for some perturbation in the investment departments, and already a possible change in the Bank Rate is talked of. That Consols, Colonials, Indian Rails, and pre-Ordinary Home Railway securities should maintain their prices so well in the face of stiffening discount rates is a testimony to the presence of the investor in our markets. He is buying anything upon which he can lay his hand and which shows any likelihood of advancing in value. A lot of downright investment purchases have lately been made in the Argentine department, where prices will ultimately advance further, although in the meantime a reaction is to be expected. Chilean issues are hesitating somewhat, wanting to aspire by reason of the Argentine *entente*, but half afraid to go too far in case the Budget figures should reveal unpleasant surprises. Brazilian bonds will move with those of La Plata, and we are assured that the recent little flutter upwards in Guatemala Externals is likely to be repeated. It is needless to add that these bonds are speculative to a degree.

SUBDUED KAFFIRS.

It need not be supposed that because the Kaffir Circus has to some extent suspended animation, the rise in South Africans has come

to the end of its tether. The curse of the market is the reckless gambling which is always indulged in by certain operators whose names are a terror even to the jobbers with whom they deal. Many of these plungers are members of the House, and, in answer to the natural question as to why their brethren do business with them at all, the answer has to be made that the rules of Stock Exchange dealing are such as to very often admit of no escape from such menaces to the market. Happily, several accounts which began to look dangerous were neatly nipped in the bud last week, and the undercurrent of the Kaffir Circus is firm enough. Probably, no activity such as that associated with thoughts of a boom will come to the market until later on in the year. But those who buy good shares now will not repent them of their bargain. Take the case of the Wolluter Gold Mines. The shares stand at a fraction under 6, and are of the nominal value of four pounds apiece. The Company owns 161 claims, of which about eight are worked out. There are forty stamps at work and another ten on order, and the Company should have no difficulty in paying, at least, 10 per cent. on its capital. The property is situated between the Meyer and Charlton and the New Goch undertakings. Those New Gochs are a very favourite market tip and might easily go to 5 in more animated times. The Company owns about a hundred and fifty claims, and is already running sixty stamps, while sixty more are on their way. Or, for those who prefer Land and Exploration concerns, both Johannesburg Investment and Barnato Consolidated are worth acquisition, and, to go deeper down, Simmer East may be recommended as a useful speculation. Simmer and Jack Proprietary Mines shares look as cheap as anything in the Kaffir Market and can be bought for the Special Settlement.

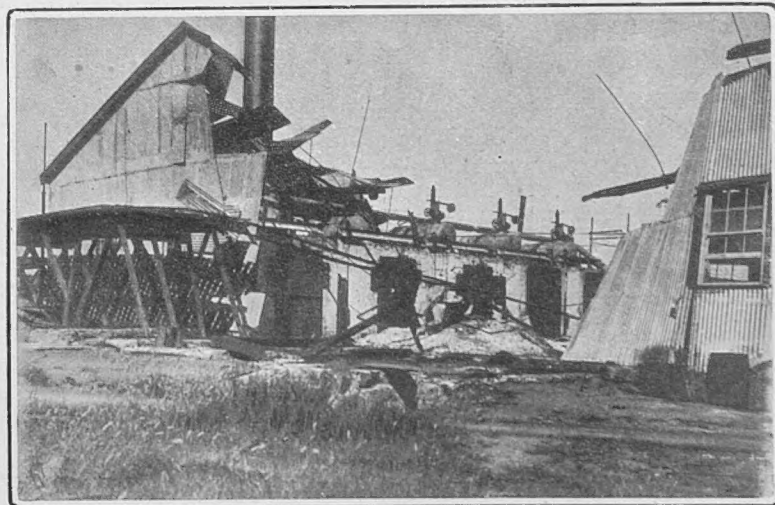
ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

The Stock Exchange.

The House had its busy time before the Proclamation of Peace, and now we are in for a few quiet weeks, wherein, as it seems at present probable, we can make little money for our clients or ourselves. Accordingly—and this I indite with a snort of haughty defiance—I consider myself justified in writing but a short epistle to-night. The shame of it is that they always print my letters in the smallest type they've got in the office, so that, while the dear man who does the "City Notes" can fill up a column with perhaps a thousand words, here have I to pour my literary graces into fully twenty per cent. more words. Let me strenuously advise my readers never to write for an illustrated weekly; you might write much better, for one thing, you know, and then where should I be?

The natural reaction which followed upon the Peace news has not yet given way to any pronounced recovery up to Saturday night. Disappointment at such a decline was as natural as the fall itself. We have yet to see whether the markets will not mend with their usual elasticity, and my own impression is that, so far from having seen the end of our good Kaffir days, I firmly believe that we are only at their beginning. Once let the Frenchmen turn buyers and we shall see an enormous rise; it sounds optimistic to say so, and very much as though I were interested in the market myself—as, indeed, I am, but only so far as orders are concerned. The public will not buy in a dull market, and, unless the big financiers see fit to engineer a summer boom, I fail to see where any element of rise can be looked for (except from the Continent) on this side of the Coronation. After that solemnity come the summer holidays, dog-days, sea-serpent days, and so forth, so that, on the whole, the inevitable revival in Kaffirs might quite easily be postponed until the early autumn.

How is the cost of the War to be borne? That the new Colonies will have to take their share in repaying part, at least, of the immense expenditure is a fact for which the Government have officially prepared us. Practical engineers and men whose lives have been spent in the service of the Witwatersrand mines declare that from the Bewaarplatsen alone can sufficient funds be raised to liquidate the whole of the War-bill. Ten or fifteen years ago, before a little Jew named Eckstein had faith enough to support that engineer who foresaw good beneath the outcrop mines and thus laid the foundations of a thousand fortunes, these Bewaarplatsen claims were accounted as dirt. The outcrop Companies, whose machinery, *débris*, stores, and other impedimenta are strewn over these claims, paid half-a-crown apiece for them to the Transvaal Government. Nobody dreamed they had any worth until some time after Mr. Eckstein's inception of the Rand Mines, Limited; but in course of time it dawned upon some of the Transvaalers that the reef might very conceivably run beneath all this machinery and stores. The Boer Executive threatened to exercise the rights which all Governments possess in regard to the mineral wealth that lies beneath "unpegged" claims, and we all have lively recollections of the scare which fears of high-handed action in this connection exercised upon the Kaffir Circus a few years ago. With the British Government in power, an equitable and possibly generous solution of the question will, no doubt, be arrived at without loss of time. In this matter is largely bound the "life" of the outcrop mine. We are told that one mine will last so many years, and



THE KLEINFONTEIN GOLD-MINE, WRECKED BY THE BOERS: PART OF BOILER-HOUSE.

that then by all the mathematical certainties in the world the ore must come to an end. But such calculations take no account of the Bewaarplatsen, the value of which gives a new speculative element to shares that are now regarded as being strictly of the investment type. And so, I say, buy the good Kaffirs, and let the deeper-deeps look after themselves.

As is generally known, the Stock Exchange is to provide a resting-place for some eight hundred sailors during two days and one night in the Coronation Week. Some members are already grumbling at the prospect, "passing remarks" about the proverbial cleanliness of sailormen with their quids of tobacco, but, on the whole, the invitation is applauded. The only men who have cause for complaint are those Stock Exchange waiters that must be on duty at the time. One waiter, I know, had made arrangements with a certain Manager of the House to assist in a party which the aforesaid Manager was giving on Coronation Day, but the Committee issued a peremptory order for waiters to hold themselves in readiness in case their services should be required at the entertainment of the sailors. Officers are to have their meals upstairs, in the various private departments of the House; the men will be fed downstairs in the settling-room and they will sleep on the floor of the House. I refrain from dragging in the obvious puns which this topic so bountifully suggests, having no desire to unnecessarily harrow the feelings of my unfortunate readers.

So sharply have Grand Trunk stocks spurted that one set-back will probably be followed by another. One of the dealers in this market remarked the other day, "Trunks go up ten points, and nobody seems to think anything of it; but let them fall a couple, and you would think the world was coming to an end, judging by the anxiety displayed over it." I am inclined to look for rather a sharp break in Trunk Seconds and Thirds, while the intrinsic value of the Ordinary is no more 14 than I am that number of years old. There is not a greater admirer of the Grand Trunk Board and its policy than I am, but it is ridiculous to shut one's eyes to the inflation of prices, which seems to have been carried quite as far as is reasonable. The First Preference stock constitutes an excellent investment and can hardly be considered dear even at 105 or 106.

One unfortunate House-man vows that he will never again buy a sweepstake ticket for a friend in the country. He did the other day, and his friend's ticket drew the winner, the prize being £10. With the friendly elation usual in such circumstances, his numerous friends in the market refused point-blank to believe that the luck was not his own. They insisted upon expressing their congratulations in the traditional manner, and, as there were a good many, the bill for liquors came to something like a fiver. The medium sent his friend the cheque for ten pounds without telling him the story, but he declares now that he will only enter "sweeps" on his own account.

Still cheap to buy are Slater's shares, despite the 10s. rise which they have had since I first recommended them. It is said by those who ought to know that a close affinity exists at this present time between Slater's and Mabey's, and that, when the former is ready to start operations in Throgmorton Street, the famous old Mabey's will at last be closed. And a market tip do Lyons remain, although the quotation, cum div., is over 8. The Company is spreading its octopus enterprise in all directions, and another eight shops, said the Chairman at the recent meeting, are in course of acquisition. And, finally, may I point out James Nelson and Sons' Second Preference as a very good speculative investment at anything between 1½ and 1½ cum div. They are 6 per cent. Cumulative Preference shares, and, after the Ordinary have received 10 per cent., they share remaining profits with them. All arrears of interest have been paid, the Company is just distributing 10 per cent on the Ordinary shares, and the recent report of this Argentine Meat Company reads very well. A rise in price to a couple of pounds a share would be nothing out of the way concludes

THE HOUSE HAUNTER.

SOME INDUSTRIALS.

The report for the year ending March 31 last of J. W. Benson, Limited, must be pleasant reading to the shareholders. In a year which has admittedly been one of the worst ever known for the jewellery trade, to be able to pay a dividend of 10 per cent., with a bonus of a further 2 per cent., and to transfer out of current earnings £5,000 to the reserve fund, besides carrying forward over £12,400, is a record of which any Company may well be proud, and shows what can be done by a sound English industrial business even in evil days, especially when properly and efficiently managed.

Of another kind altogether, the Liebig's Extract of Meat Company has almost as good a record to show, as during the last five years a dividend of 20 per cent. is maintained, while the reserve fund is raised to £120,000. The sale of the Company's two specialities, "Lemco" and "Oxo," has been well maintained, and the shareholders would indeed be hard to please if they were not satisfied with the way in which the Board have conducted their business.

The accounts of the Birmingham Mint are not quite so satisfactory as those of the Companies to which we have just alluded, and probably a good customer in the Government of the South African Republic (now dead and decently buried) is gone for ever. At the same time, the net profit of £7662, after paying all fixed charges and debenture interest, is by no means unsatisfactory, and enables a dividend of 10 per cent. to be again paid without trenching on the reserve, of which over £30,000 is invested in high-class securities outside the business, a feature of great value to any Company, and by no means as common as we could wish to see.

Saturday, June 7, 1902.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

GUILDHALL.—The current year has notoriously been a bad one for the jewellery trade, but we think, from inquiries we have made, that the profits will be very nearly up to those of last year, and that the dividend will probably be the same. As to buying, you must judge for yourself on the above information, which we think is accurate.

S. B.—Your letter was fully answered on the 6th inst.

F. T.—Yes, we think the shares a good purchase, as also Simmer and Jack, Rand Victoria, or Angelo Deep.

A. E. W.—Your letter was answered on the 7th inst.

SKYLARK.—The market still thinks the Dock Pref. a good purchase. We will inquire about the Bill before Parliament. The Copper shares are not a bad speculative purchase. We would rather buy Steyn Estate.

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